

# THE ECLECTIC REVIEW,

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1819.

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Art. I. *An Account of the Kingdom of Nepal, and of the Territories annexed to this Dominion by the House of Gorkha.* By Francis Hamilton, (formerly Buchanan,) M.D. Fellow of the Royal Societies of London and Edinburgh, &c &c. Illustrated with Engravings. 4to. pp. 364. Price 2l 2s. 1819.

**T**HIS work appears to be the result of a very extensive inquiry, prosecuted with a highly meritorious perseverance and minuteness. Whoever has disposition or occasion to apply himself, quite as a study, to the examination of the state, relations, and history of the tract in question, will find it of excellent service; and we can well conceive that the collection of information from which it is shaped, may have been of material use to the Indian Government in their diplomatic and military transactions on the northern edge of the empire. To the mere general reader, who feels no concern about Nepal, beyond the wish to be informed, in an easy and amusing way, of what may be the most prominently remarkable within a certain portion more of Asiatic territory, much secluded, and previously but little traversed by our explorers, Dr. Hamilton's will not be so pleasant a book as that of the late Col. Kirkpatrick, though greatly exceeding it in the quantity, and probably in the accuracy, of information.

It is not given, like the Colonel's book, in the entertaining form of a narrative of travelling and residence. This could not have been done, we should judge, without making it far too massive a book, the Doctor's visit in the country having been of the duration of fourteen months, and his researches extremely assiduous and diversified. His work is their condensed result, consisting of a vast number of particulars, each one of which must have cost a distinct observation or inquiry, and in some instances a considerable compass and series of inquiries. That

many of these may have been of use, as additions to the knowledge which it is important that the governors of a state should have of its neighbours and enemies, will be a compensation to the Author for knowing how deficient they must be in general attraction.

It is very properly the main business of the work, to make out a distinct account of the multitude of tribes, or races, or nations, or whatever they may be called, that inhabit the rather extensive territory now brought, by a long course of conquests, treacheries, and all sorts of crimes, under the dominion of the House of Gorkha. And the reader is confounded by the number of sections and differences into which a depraved and wretched portion of the human race was in this tract divided. We should be inclined to think that the business of the Power of Evil is the most effectually done by mankind as existing in separate small assemblages, did there not appear to be a rival infernality in the process by which the many small, are amalgamated into one or a few large communities.

It was Dr. H.'s laborious task, to ascertain the respective characteristics of these distinguishable components of the kingdom which as yet serves to keep the peace between the proud ancient empire of China, and the proud upstart empire of the intruders from the West, which is hated and dreaded by all the East, and by which, with perhaps some unintentional co-operation of Russia, it is not improbable that every polity in the East is destined to be overturned. In the meanwhile, this intervening State, that prevents the collision of the two Empires, has given strong signs of being itself a most ungracious thing to be in contact with; and there is no reason to doubt that, one of these days, 'the House of Gorkha' will, very unwittingly, come to the honour of assigning some of its apartments, and some of its demesnes, to an English resident and encampment, the commander of which encampment might happen, at leisure opportunities, to fancy he had something to say even to the mandarins of the neighbouring border. When, in the regular course of things, the whole of the said demesne merges, in the next stage of time, in the improving estate of the great Proprietor from the West, it will be very curious to observe what sensations are propagated across the continent to Gehol and Peking, and whether there is any better chance for Lord Amherst, should it be his lot to condescend to repeat his visit of ceremony. It may be presumed that the ko-tou will be dispensed with, and even the price of tea reduced, sooner than a western province of the 'celestial empire' shall admit the defilement of a British official residence, with a military force, within its confines.

But it is well to know what this intermediate State is com-

posed of; and Dr. H. has diligently investigated its materials; has inquired where and in what state they were originally found, what removals, transmutations, substitutions, and new combinations, they have undergone, and what are their present condition and relations, local, physical, superstitious, political, and military. The country too is amply described, as to the great features in which its form is cast, and its natural history, its capabilities of cultivation, and its monumental traces of former ages.

Any attempt here at an abstract of such a crowded miscellany, is out of the question. The briefest possible enumeration of particulars, would extend to a length far beyond the allowance of our pages. A few notices of the most remarkable, are all that are requisite for giving a slight illustration of the character of the book and of its subject.

‘Nepal, a name celebrated in Hindu legend, in a strict sense, ought to be applied to that country only which is in the vicinity of Kathmandu, the capital; but at present it is usually given to the whole territory of the Gorkha Rajas, which occupies about thirteen degrees of longitude, and five of latitude.

‘The numerous valleys among the prodigious mountains, of which Nepal in its extended sense consists, are inhabited by various tribes, that differ very much in language, and somewhat in customs. All that have any sort of pretensions to be considered as aboriginal, like their neighbours of Bhotan to the east, are, by their features, clearly marked as belonging to the Tartar or Chinese race of men, and have no sort of resemblance to the Hindus. The time when the Hindus penetrated into these regions is very uncertain.’

It is judged, that about as long since as the beginning of the Christian Era, a great Apostle of Buddhism, ‘who is supposed to be still alive in the person whom we call the Grand Lama,’ appeared in these wild valleys, to supplant the ruder paganism of the inhabitants, by notions, institutes, and habits which were, in their turn, at a much later period, to come under a Brahminical process of censure and extermination, when powerful irruptions were made from the south by the Hindoos, strictly so called. Dr. H. seems disposed to accept the authority of the tradition which dates the commencement of this process at so late a period as the beginning of the fourteenth century. The course pursued by these intrusive reformers, was not, in one part at least of the new field, remarkable for gentleness and persuasion. They proceeded on the same principles as the Spaniards in Peru; and their descendants applaud the system.

‘In conformity with this common principle, all the chiefs west of the river Kali, glory in having either totally expelled or extirpated

the original inhabitants, and in having established, in its full height, the purity of the Hindu doctrines. To the east of the Kali, the chiefs have not been actuated by so pure a zeal, and not only have permitted many of the mountain tribes to remain and practise their abominations, but have themselves relaxed, in many essential points, from the rules of cast.'

To be of pure Hindoo descent, is a matter of pride, it seems, in Nepal, and the Hindoo race has, in point of rank and importance, whatever the numbers may be, the predominance in the country, under the general denomination of Rajpoots. In the different parts of it, however, their customs have become modified into considerable differences from one another. To discriminate these, through all the localities, intermixtures, and traditions of descent, was a task which we really compassionate the man who was doomed to undertake.

The Hindoos of these mountainous regions, chiefly of mixed descent, are instinct, it seems, with a more active kind of depravity than those on the plains of Hindoostan. They are described as 'deceitful and treacherous, cruel and arrogant towards those in their power, and abjectly mean towards those from whom they expect favour.' With a boundless libertinism they combine a furious jealousy, which often produces assassination.

'For this they are all prepared, by wearing a large knife in their girdle, and the point of honour requires them never to rest until they have shed the blood of the man who has been suspected. The jealous man watches his opportunity for months, and even for years, should his adversary be on his guard; and, having at length found a favourable time, with one stroke of his knife in the throat of his rival he satisfies his revenge.'

This, and the other hateful characteristics of the mountain Hindoos, have been adopted by the Magars, a powerful tribe or nation, to which the reigning house of Gorkha belongs, though it pretends to be descended from a pure Hindoo origin. This seems to be the favoured tribe, and it furnishes the main strength of the army of the State. Nevertheless, it has but very partially yielded itself to the Brahminical institutions. The Newars, another numerous race, addicted to agriculture and commerce, and far more advanced in the arts than any other of the mountain tribes, adhere, for the greatest proportion, to the doctrines of Buddha. A few have degenerated to the worse superstition of Seeva. Dr. H. marks some material differences between Buddhism as professed in Nepal, and as maintained in the Burman empire. It is perhaps worth while to cite the explanation given of the term Buddha, which is not the denomination of the Supreme Being, but of a powerful person

Intelligence proceeding from him, and holding a lofty official station in the government and instruction of the world. There have been a number of these Intelligences, who, or some of whom, it seems, have assumed the human form on earth, in order to renovate the economy of the moral world. The denomination means something of this kind; but, certainly, of all things that ever were attempted to be brought into definition or elucidation, the denominations and dogmas of eastern mythology give the most deserved reward to those who can waste their time and labour on such vanities. The whole thing is a mockery of all intelligence. It is as if a man should attempt to shape defined forms of smoke.—The lower casts of the Buddhists, our Author says,

‘ will worship almost any thing that is called a god, which is, indeed, usual with all Hindoos of their rank. Some of our Sepoys, who were Brahmins, immediately upon our arrival at Swayambhunath, the temple of the supreme deity of the Buddhists, took flowers and consecrated water, and went round the hill, offering some to every image which they saw, and among others, to that of Sakya Singha. I happened to be standing near it with my Brahmin, who asked them if they knew what they were doing, and informed them that they were worshipping Buddha. At this the poor fellows were much ashamed. However, an old havildar (serjeant) comforted them by observing, that, on the march to Bombay under General Goddard, they had often seen this deity, and that their worshipping him seemed to be very lucky, as the army had great success.’

There is one low cast named Got, and designated as gardeners. One of them, employed by Dr. H. in collecting plants, and described by him as ‘ a mild attentive creature,’ gave, and repeatedly confirmed to him, a very remarkable account of a religious ceremony. As to its truth respecting one point, the most odious rite in the service, Dr. H. professes that his opinion was left in suspense. No reliance, he says, is to be placed on the veracity of any class in Nepal; but we think it is apparent, from the manner in which he describes his informant, that he is much inclined to believe the whole of the following statement.

‘ At certain temples dedicated to Bhawani, which word means merely the Goddess, the Got attend to dance in masks; and on these occasions, ten of them represent Singhini, Vyaghriini, Indrani, Bhairavi, Bhawani, Varahi, Vaishnavi, Kumari, Brahmani, and Ganesa: while four others represent Mahakal, Nandiswar, Vyndhyiswar, and Nasadeva, who are the instructors (Gurus) of the other ten deities. From those who come to worship at the temple, the Got that represent these deities accept of spirituous liquors, which they drink out of human skulls, till they become elevated and dance in a furious manner, which is supposed to proceed from inspiration. In the same manner they drink the blood of the animals which are

offered as sacrifices. In these temples the priests are Achars, (an order before described,) who at the sacrifices read the forms of prayer (Mantras) proper for the occasion, but retire when the animal is about to be killed by the Got who represents Bhairavi. The shrine in which the images of the gods are kept, is always shut, and no person is allowed to enter but the priest, and the Gots who personate in masks these deities. Once in twelve years the Raja offers a solemn sacrifice. It consists of two men of such rank that they wear a thread; of two buffaloes, two goats, two rams, two cocks, two ducks, and two fishes. The lower animals are first sacrificed, in the outer part of the temple, and in the presence of the multitude their blood is drunk by the masked Gots. After this, the human victims are intoxicated, and carried into the shrine, where the mask representing Bhairavi cuts their throats, and sprinkles their blood on the idols. Their skulls are then formed into cups, which serve the masks for drinking in their horrid rites. I questioned the man repeatedly on the subject, and he always related the circumstances without variation, and declared, that at the last sacrifice, which had been offered nine years previous to our arrival in Nepal, he had represented Bhairavi, and with his own hands had cut the throats of the victims.—'Although he spoke of the human sacrifice with considerable glee, as being attended with copious potations of spirituous liquor, he was shocked when I asked him if two bulls made a part of the offering.'

There is enumerated a long gradation of casts, chiefly distinguished, as it should seem, by their respective employments, the usefulness of which is of no avail in prevention of the baseness of the classes. That which stands last in the list, as the vilest of all, is that of the dressers of leather and shoemakers. It does not appear to be stated whether it is the employment, or something less palpable and more ceremonial, that essentially constitutes the distinction of each class. This indeed is of very slight importance to the subjects of these distinctions, since in either case their allotment clings to them with the same pertinacity: the dresser of leather and maker of shoes, is not allowed to transfer himself to the business of the greatly superior classes, of barbers, washermen, and potmakers.

Those whose fate it is to be of the very lowest casts, have the consolation of looking down far below them on the incomparably baser level of Musulmans and Christians, to partake of whose repasts, or pay any attention to whose women, would be to incur a flagrant pollution and dishonour. And yet, such is the incapacity of superstition to perceive the most monstrous incongruities, Hindoo women of all ranks and casts are readily sold as slaves to either Musulmans or Christians. 'A master or a parent has the power of selling his slave or child, whose consent is not asked, who thereby loses cast, and who has no alternative but to adopt the religion of her new master.'

Among the Newars, being chiefly Buddhists, a widow is not required to burn with the body of her husband. Among the Hindoo part of the people, this custom seems more prevalent, Dr. H. says, than in any part of India where he has been, the vicinity of Calcutta excepted.

The inquisitive industry of our Author has collected a vast number of the maxims and rules, and modifications of rules, respecting the intercourse or non-intercourse of the different casts, the laws and licences respecting marriage and concubinage, the allowances and interdictions respecting food, and a numerous miscellany of superstitious whimsicalities relative to almost every thing in the economy of life. It is marvellous to think, and becomes still more marvellous at every renewed reflection, how wild human animals, that spurn all principles and restraints of justice, and charity, and reason, and common sense, shall yet readily yield to an endless complication of interferences, restrictions, precautions, mulcts, and sacrifices, if but an infernal authority shall advance with these claims upon them. And the demand seems the more readily submitted to in proportion as it multiplies among the people those distinctions and repulsions which make them hate one another; as if the most vital principle of vitality itself were the constant feeling of envying and hating, or despising and hating, other creatures of the same nature.

To what extent the Gorkha dominion invades the countries we call Thibet and Bootan, seems very undefined; but at any rate, a great number of people of the races inhabiting those regions, and who are called Bhotiyas, have the happiness of feeling its authority. Among these, our Author says, there is no distinction of cast. They are Buddhists according to the doctrine or dispensation of Sakya, a Buddha who cared very little, it seems, how much he contradicted his predecessor Gautama Buddha, who is held the exclusive authority in doctrine by the priests of Ava.

The doctrine of Sakya differs most essentially from that of Gautama. The Bhotiyas, following the former, worship all the spirits, that by the Burmas are called Nat, a practice which is held in abhorrence by the Rahans of Ava. They also consider the Buddhas as emanations from a supreme deity, view many of their Lamas as incarnations of a Buddha, and accordingly worship them as living gods. There is among the Lamas no prohibition against the laity from studying any character or any book; but they must have wonderfully degraded the human understanding, when they can induce the people to swallow the belief in the deities living among them. It is true, that these are in all probability very much secluded, and rarely shewn to the vulgar except at a very great distance, and in obscurity; but still this seems to be nearly the utmost height of human imbecility.

Our Author goes into very considerable detail in describing the modes in which law and government were administered in the several states previously to their being absorbed into the domination of the conquering family; specifying also the alterations introduced by the new government, which has placed its Subahs in the stead of the former Rajas. One is an enormous multiplication of fines for 'the neglect of ceremonies.' Five-eighths of the sum of these fines, go to five families of Brahmins, here named. But there is a very curious aggravation of the penalty.

'Besides the fine, all delinquents in matters of ceremony, are compelled to entertain a certain number of these five families; the first two fattening on the wicked of the country west from the Narayani; and the other three, on those east from that river. The number to be fed is restricted by the sentence, and the criminal may select those to whom he gives the entertainment, in any manner he pleases, confining himself strictly to the families entitled to participate.'

There are a number of grandees who form nominally a sort of council of state, an institution of very little efficacy or use, the government having no regular organization, and being little better than a succession of despotic acts, originating sometimes in the sheer will of the tyrant, and sometimes in the management and intriguing villany of relations and favourites, though somewhat modified and restrained by the necessity of keeping on tolerable terms with the chief men of the country. Treacheries, assassinations, and revolutions, or rather personal substitutions of tyrants, form, as in other Asiatic states, the essence of the history; and melancholy indeed appears the lot, and most certain is the untimely fate, of any individual possessed (when such a rare thing does occur, once in a number of generations of ministers or Rajas) of some small share of integrity and humanity.

A very considerable portion of the book consists unavoidably of the history of the House of Gorkha, partly as deduced formally, and partly as implicated with the history and description of the many tribes and territories subjugated by this dynasty. This portion is necessarily devoid of all the higher instruction supplied to thinking and philosophic minds by some of the chapters of the history of nations, and of all interest but that which may be excited by a display of the most hateful human qualities in their most vulgar forms,—excepting also, indeed, that which may arise from the consideration, that in this long tract of valleys and mountains there has grown up a power, more vigorous by far than any other that now remains on the confines of the British empire in the East; a power which bears

a deadly hatred to that Empire, and is infallibly destined to renew, with great advantages, and in a fierce and persevering spirit, the trial of its power and stability. Many brisk and aspiring young mortals, here at home and in India, inflated with dreams of fortune or fame, are the appointed victims of the poisoned arrows, the swords, and the fire, of these barbarians; aided by the passes of the mountains, which will also introduce the invaders to the fevers of the valleys.

Having mentioned poisoned arrows, we shall transcribe Dr. H.'s notice of a plant called *Bish* or *Bikk*.

\* This dreadful root, of which large quantities are annually imported, is equally fatal when taken into the stomach, and applied to wounds, and is in universal use throughout India for poisoning arrows; and there is too much reason to suspect, for the worst of purposes. Its importance would indeed seem to require the attention of the magistrate. The Gorkhalese pretend that it is one of their best securities against invasion from the low countries; and that they could so infect all the waters on the route by which an enemy was advancing, as to occasion his certain destruction. In case of such an attempt, the invaders ought, no doubt, to be on their guard; but the country abounds so in springs, that might be soon cleared, as to render such a mean of defence totally ineffectual, were the enemy aware of the circumstance.'

This is a more remarkable object than any other that occurs in our Author's account of the vegetable or the animal productions of a country, which does not seem to abound with wonderments; excepting the superlatively magnificent prospects of snowy mountains, surpassing in elevation all others on earth. The northernmost, however, and what is judged to be the loftiest ridge of Himalaya, or Emodus, as Dr. H. uniformly prefers denominating it, is not believed to be visible from the valleys of Nepal. But the inferior ranges and summits that are there seen mounting toward the sky, are invested with a majesty of which no eminences in this part of the world can give any idea. In his description of one part of the country approaching the foot of these Alps, Dr. H. notices that there are a number of considerable hills, 'such,' he says, 'as the mountains of Wales and Scotland;' and he adds, 'these are but molehills to Emodus.' He has frequent occasion to make references to these grandest features of the world. But it was not in mortal man to keep more perfectly clear of poetic or romantic fancy and diction than he has done. Col. Kirkpatrick, who was not, however, an enthusiast, occurred to us in contrast on this subject. Our Author is indeed of all travellers the most resolute to maintain inviolate the character of a matter of fact man.

It is a vast descent from those stupendous summits to the tracts, still alpine, which admit of the existence, during part

of the year, of some sheep and their shepherds. Dr. H. distinguishes a second and lower region, but still high, (relatively to the primary level from which all altitudes are to be reckoned,) as in the hollows of a minor order of mountains, which, however, would be accounted very lofty but for the vicinity of the enormous giants that look down upon them. There is still lower, what he denominates the 'hilly region,' declining toward the great plain of Hindoostan. And he brings the territory down to its lowest level, and to its utmost limit toward the south, in a stripe of that plain, of some twenty miles broad, bordering the region rising into hills. Since he crossed this outermost tract of the Gorkha dominions, a question whether it should continue so broad has been debated, at the provocation of his Gorkhalese Majesty himself, in that mode of argument by which the English have proved so many Asiatic potentates to be in the wrong. It was effectually represented to his Majesty, that there was plenty of territory for him to rule and cultivate *northward* of the range of mountains bounding Hindoostan. And truly, if the legitimacy or extent of his government were to be determined by its merits, we might wish him, and his court, and his jurisdiction, shifted backward, and still backward, till we saw them fairly located somewhere in the dreary desert neighbourhood of the Manasarawar lake.

The great diversity of productions and appearances, in so wide a diversity of climates as these different heights must create, were diligently observed and inquired into by Dr. H., under the disadvantage, indeed, of a mortifying limitation put on the scope of his personal researches by the hostile disposition toward the English, which, at the time of his visit, (1802, 3,) prevailed in Nepal. The products and distinctive circumstances of climate, vary, of course, from what may correspond to the climate of Spain or Italy, to what reminds him of the moors and hardy grains of Scotland.

Rice seems the article of chief dependence.

'From the abundance of rain in the warm season, the country, considering the inequality of its surface, is uncommonly productive of grain. Wherever the land can be levelled into terraces, however narrow, it is exceedingly favourable for transplanted rice, which ripens after the rains have ceased, so that the harvest is never injured; and, as most of these terraces can be supplied at pleasure with water from springs, the crops are uncommonly certain. This is by far the most valuable land, and is that in which all the officers and servants of the Crown are paid, and from whence all endowments are made. In some parts the same land gives a winter crop of wheat and barley; but in most places this is most judiciously omitted.'

The valley of Nepal Proper, and many of the others, ap-

pear to be rich in soil and productions. Dr. H. is of opinion that this principal valley in the territory was anciently a lake, as certain fables in the books of the natives represent it to have been. It is about twenty-two miles from east to west, and twenty from north to south. It is described as 'exceedingly populous,' and contains three cities or large towns, the inhabitants of which, taken collectively, Dr. H. conjectures to be more than 40,000. The houses are mean, the best (excepting the palace) in Kathmandu, the capital, not permitting him to stand quite upright in its best apartment. They are built of brick, with clay mortar, and covered with tiles. They have a tolerable appearance on the outside, but

'within, they are exceedingly mean and dirty, and swarm with vermin, which, added to all manner of filth, including the offals of the shambles, and the blood of sacrifices, that is allowed to corrupt in the streets, renders an abode in any of their towns utterly disgusting.'

They have excellent materials for making bricks and tiles, but they want lime. The masons and bricklayers are said to be good workmen. The houses of towns are generally three stories high; some in the cities and large towns rise to four.

'The lower story has no windows, and the smoke of their kitchens comes out by the door, which renders the outside even of their houses very black and dirty. The windows of the second story, are always small and nearly square. In each, a wooden trellis, which is highly ornamented with carving, but which cannot be opened and shut, admits the air and light, but prevents strangers from seeing into the apartment. The third or upper story has large windows, extending a great part of the length of each sitting apartment.'

Here are balconies and benches, the favourite lounging places of the inhabitants, who can there see what is passing in the street. The rooms are always narrow, from the difficulty of carrying from the mountains, timber of sufficient size for large beams. The grotesque structure of their temples is described and illustrated. At each of several stages, or stories, of something like a clumsy tower, there is a roof, projecting far from the wall; 'from the corners of which roofs, and sometimes all round the edges, are suspended small bells, with slender clappers, which are considerably longer than the bells, and end in a thin plate shaped like the ace of hearts, so that a strong wind occasions all the bells to ring.'

The country has many productions that might be available for commerce; but the wretched policy of the government precludes all advantage from such a resource.

'The trade between Nepal and Thibet, the principal one in the

country, is subject to very enormous, and at all times arbitrary exactions. In fact, all other branches of commerce, so far as I could judge, were in a state of decay, owing partly to these exactions, and partly to the recovery of debts being now very much neglected in the courts of justice, which seems to be one of the causes of the increase of trials by ordeal. A poor creditor, in general, has no resource against a powerful debtor, except sitting Dherna on him; and unless the creditor be a Brahman, he may sit long enough before he attract any notice.'

In one point of privilege, the people are in strong rivalry with nations nearer home; they are kept under a continual experiment of their utmost power of yielding revenue. The royal treasury at Kathmandu, however, is far from deriving the full benefit of the operation. For 'the Subah always farms 'the royal revenue of his district.' He has therefore, on his own account, a gang of collectors, variously remunerated and stimulated, for the several departments of it, both he and every man in authority under him, 'taking,' says our Author, 'under 'the name of Khurchah, as much as he can from his inferiors.' In control over these Subahs is placed a still higher order of officers named Sirdars, of much more independent authority and extensive jurisdiction. These, of course, are to have handsome receipts also, and more may be guessed than is here expressly said as to the manner in which they are to be obtained.

But the regal personage at the head of the State, has the prerogative, as he ought, of coming in direct fiscal contact with this favoured community, independently of the revenue machinery of Subahs and their agents of exaction.

'The amount paid by the Subah, forms by no means the whole of the royal revenue. On a great variety of occasions, besides the presents that every one must make on approaching the court, there is levied a Rajangka, which is a kind of income tax that extends to all ranks, and even to such of the sacred order as possess free lands. A Rajangka is levied at no fixed period, but according to the exigencies of the state; and many districts pay more on this account than the regular revenue, which has been often almost entirely alienated, by giving the lands as religious endowments, to various civil officers, and in military tenure for the support of the army. The Subah does not collect the Rajangka; an officer for that purpose is especially sent from the court.'

His Majesty appears to be, besides, the absolute proprietor of no contemptible portion of the soil of his dominions. Part of it he cultivates by servants and slaves, under the management of stewards; the greater part is let to tenants. There have been ample grants of land to the temples; and 'not only 'every officer, civil and military, and every soldier, but even 'the private servants and principal slaves of the Raja, are paid 'by lands granted for their support.'

These arrangements will have disposed of a great proportion of the arable land, in other words the rice grounds, of the territory. As to 'pastures and forests, they are in general commons, and any person that pleases may use them.' There are, however, comparatively but few cattle in the country. The Newars do not employ them in agriculture. Of the methods and implements of this agriculture, Dr. H. gives a somewhat detailed account. It is but rudely furnished with implements, but such as they are, they are used with great dexterity and effect. The exclusive employment of human labour, however, renders the operations of husbandry so tedious, that at many seasons every person in the family capable of labour must be employed; and as no one can be left to take care of the young children, these must be carried to the field. As this is often at a distance from the house, the poor villager may be often seen carrying his infants in two baskets, suspended over his shoulder by a bamboo. In these baskets some food also is taken, as the family does not return till night. An oblong mat also forms a usual part of what is carried into the field. This mat defends the children, as well as the victuals, from the sun and rain, and is sometimes used by the labourers for the same purposes.'

Most of the domestic servants are slaves. Most of them were born free, but were, when children, sold by their parents, under the pressure of want. Some of them were of good families, which the Rajah, by an act of his will, degraded to slavery, on the allegation of some crime or other. The slaves of private persons are ill fed and hardly wrought. The females, in particular, are treated with the most detestable iniquity, and in a way exactly calculated to render them as vicious as they are miserable.

We now take leave of a book which is quite indispensable to every inquirer respecting the regions bounding to the north the British Indian empire. It is a valuable correction and very great extension of the information furnished by Kirkpatrick's work, to which Dr. H. makes frequent and on the whole respectful reference.

It has a large and handsome map, two views on copper-plate, and five rather interesting engravings on wood, representing views of ridges of the Himalaya. There is a fourteen months' register of the weather, kept at Kathmandu, chiefly. The average heat of July, all the days being noted, was a little more than 78° of Fahrenheit.

Art. II. *Greenland and other Poems.* By James Montgomery. 8vo. pp. 250. London. 1819.

THE romantic spirit of curiosity which has been awakened by the recent expeditions of discovery, with regard to every thing connected with the geography and the history of the Polar regions, is much more nearly allied to poetry than to the severer business of science. It would have been strange, therefore, if while the popular imagination is full of the wondrous scenery of the realms of frost, no one had been found capable of taking advantage of this general interest, while it is yet rife, by rendering it tributary to the power of verse. And yet, as we have had occasion to remark with regard to other topics of strong *present interest*\*, this state of indefinite excitement is not the most favourable to the Poet's purpose, inasmuch as it makes demands upon his genius which he can scarcely hope to satisfy. He does nothing if he does not overtake, by a fresh impulse in the same direction, that which circumstances had already imparted to the public mind, or if he does not subordinate whatever feelings of curiosity or sympathy were previously in action, to the spells of his own verse. Unless he succeeds either in raising them to the height of poetic exaggeration, or of diverting them into a different channel, he will but stand in the situation of a competitor for public attention with the facts themselves, and all the circumstances which seemed to render them susceptible of poetic effect, will turn to his disadvantage: the light will be fatal to his colouring.

It is, however, a great mistake, to imagine that it is the design of Poetry, as it is of Oratory, to produce a *strong sensation*, irrespectively of the quality of the emotions so awakened, or that the power of producing this effect upon perusal, is a genuine test of good poetry. A great deal of striking versification has been got up, evidently under this impression, as if with no further intention than that of gratifying the passion for stimulants, which in literature, not less than in matters of grosser appetite, marks a blunted and vitiated taste. It has been felt that after Lord Byron and Walter Scott, nothing would go down as poetry, that was not *striking* to a degree beyond what a more refined taste would require in works of imagination. Many persons have, we believe, been led to consider it as a masculine trait of intellect, to require in imaginative pleasures a boisterous degree of excitement, as men of robust health and sinewy frame, glory in amusements of a stirring violence of character; for it is a boisterous sort of pleasure

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\* E. R. (N. S.) July, 1816. ART. *Southey's Poet's Pilgrimage.*—June, 1818. *Croly's Lines on the Death of the Princess.*

that the mind derives from productions which depend for so much of their effect, upon the high-wrought interest of the tale, or the still more highly wrought intensities of expression. To descend from Lord Byron to Cowper, or even to Milton, would be felt by many of that noble Poet's admirers, extremely flat and uninteresting. The strong sensation such poetry awakens, leads the reader at the moment to attribute to the author a merit absolutely transcendent; but the impression soon subsides, and when it has subsided, it is incapable of being renewed. Much may remain of the elements of poetry as a residuum, when the finer ingredient which produced the first effect, has evaporated; but the distinguishing attribute of the composition, like that peculiar quality of landscape gardening to which the artist gave the name of *unexpectedness*, has no existence on a second perusal. Poetry, however, we have always imagined to be a thing designed to outlast a first perusal, and not to die, like Eloquence, in the birth, surviving only in the effect in others' minds. We have supposed that the pleasure appropriate to poetry, was rather of that quiet, contemplative, homogeneous description which is derived from sculpture or painting, and which, when once produced, is capable of being constantly renewed by the same object; as for instance in a fine painting, the beauties of the master-pencil are often found to come out from the canvas more and more, and the interest to increase in proportion as we grow familiar with the picture. We admire as warmly as any one can do, productions of a more mixed interest, where the pleasure strictly referrible to the qualities of the poetry, constitutes but a part of the impression; but we are jealous of the effect which such compositions are likely to have both upon our writers and upon the public, in inducing a *melo-dramatic* taste, and we would fain contribute, by our humble influence, to promoting a return to juster notions of the purpose and business of poetry, as the nurse of high imaginings, and quiet thoughts, and pure and tender feelings. For the purposes of eloquence, as the vehicle of passion, prose is infinitely more affecting than the most nervous versification; and as to its adaptation to narrative, it would be sufficient to contrast any one of Walter Scott's metrical tales with either his *Waverley* or his *Old Mortality*, to shew how very inferior in point of vividness of effect is poetry, as a style, and, if emotion be all that is wanted to be produced, how great are the disadvantages of verse. Those of our readers who have in recollection the elegantly romantic essay upon *Greenland* which appeared in a contemporary Journal, will have, ready at hand, another illustration of the superior efficiency of prose composition for exciting a strong temporary interest by the power of written eloquence. Mr. Montgomery's Poem on the same subject is

far less of a novel than the paper attributed to the Secretary to the Admiralty, but it has an interest of its own which is destined to survive that which is merely incidental to his theme, the attractions of which have at once excited his imagination, and, in some degree, misled it.

Mr. Montgomery is a true poet, and so Posterity will deem him. It matters little what judgement may be passed upon particular productions of his; the result of the whole is sufficient to entitle him to no mean rank among the poetical writers who have distinguished the commencement of the nineteenth century. If he had consulted only his fame, he needed not have written any thing more than some of those exquisite lyrical pieces which incline us to pronounce lyric poetry to be his appropriate province. Those passages in his longer poems which are the oftenest read, and by which his talents may be the most adequately estimated, are such as partake most of the lyric character. We are not at all aware that this is an inferior department, or that the talents of a writer are to be judged of according as his productions are short, or long. The fact is, not so much that different kinds of poetry require different degrees of genius, as that they imply in the author different habits of thought. Had Gray executed his design of completing a long poem, it would either have been a metaphysical essay in heroics, or a series of short poems slenderly connected by the subject. He would always have been known by his Odes and his Elegy. Southey *has* written Lyrical Pieces which may pass under cover of his nobler works, but, with two or three exceptions, they would never have ensured their own immortality. He has not the lyrical fire, nor the lyrical ear. He is the most exquisite poetical *narrator* (for he will not allow us to say epic poet) in the language, but the laureatship was conferred upon him for his prose, not for his Odes, and he has understood the bargain. We have used the term, habits of thought, not from any wish to affect a metaphysical style of expression, but for the purpose of intimating, that poetry, like all the processes of art or invention, is to a certain extent an acquired habit, bearing of necessity a certain relation to the intellectual character of the individual, his original powers and educational peculiarities, but in itself, as regards the manner in which the mind *works*, the ineffable rules by which it selects, and combines, and communicates vitality to the finished expression, the rapidity with which, under a given degree of excitement, the associating principle exerts itself, together with the more or less complete state of abstraction in which the mind is held during the play of the imagination,—in reference to all these, Poetry is connected with habits of thought which are well worthy of analysis, and which may serve to explain the diversified and inconvertible forms of manifestation in which genius develops itself.

Persons who are possessed of but a slender portion of natural sensibility, but who have acquired by reading a tolerably correct taste, yet subject, as taste so acquired always must be, to uncertainty and partiality in its decisions, are very impatient of the claims of merit in any department which does not come up to their requisitions of excellence founded upon some favourite standard. This ridiculous intolerance of taste would be simply laughable were it not capable of becoming, in alliance with great talents, both vexatious and mischievous. The only use which some critics have seemed to know how to make of great names, is to assail for their separate identity others whom they have chosen to exhibit in rivalry. And it has sometimes happened that the very same writers who at one time have been dealt with as culprits, have, at another, been eulogised and *laureated*, when it has served the purpose of running down, by this unfair species of comparison, a poor writer more recently started. It is doubtless a mode of administering criticism, which brings it down to the meanest capacity, to shew that Wordsworth does not write like Walter Scott, and that there is a very wide difference between Montgomery and Southey; the inference, too, is irresistible, that the whole amount of the difference must be set to the account of inferiority of talent or perversity of taste. Our object in pointing out the characteristic diversities of the respective writers, would, however, be of an opposite description: it would rather be to shew, that to each there may be attached an individuality and a species of power, which constitute the distinctive merit of his productions; that these productions are not fairly dealt with when judged of by a superficial mode of comparison; and that the gross effect produced upon ordinary readers, is not always to determine the question of the excellence of the composition. We submit these hints to our readers more as an apology than any thing else for our own opinions in matters of taste. We have frequently detected ourselves before now, in being much more pleased than we found it safe on the score of our critical character to have generally known, with poetry not at all like Lord Byron's, and we must admit, far inferior to his, but the qualities of which were nevertheless such as to sooth our fancy with images of beauty and delight, or to lull us with the music of noble thoughts set to elegant cadence. We have been contented to have the feelings of complacency called into exercise, without being kept on the full stretch of admiration. We have been delighted to recognise the marks of native sensibility or elegance of mind, where there was displayed no striking degree of mental energy or daring. Without presuming to dispute the irreversible decree of the many-headed majesty, without even differing materially from the general opinion of the abstract merits of some of the more popular competitors, we have been glad to es-

cape from Crabbe to Rogers, from Scott to Southey, and from Lord Byron's dread self to Montgomery.

After this avowal, whatever our readers may think of our taste, the Author before us is bound to pay some respect to our opinions. But who ever yet heard of a poet that thought himself fairly dealt by? 'In the leading poem of this Collection, the Author 'frankly acknowledges that he has so far failed as to be under the 'necessity of sending it forth incomplete, or suppressing it altogether.' Notwithstanding this frank acknowledgement, we know human nature too well, to believe that the Author would bear with the more composure, on account of his having consciously fallen short of his original design, to be told that he has failed in any sense derogatory to his genius. It is not, in truth, from deficiency of genius, but from an original error in his plan, that he has been compelled to abandon the half achieved adventure, and to let the remaining cantos of the projected poem be to the public, *lost Greenland*. We think we can explain how it arose. Mr. Montgomery's mind had been excited to a high degree of enthusiasm by the revived speculations, the romantic stories, and the sanguine anticipations of discovery which had their scene laid in the Polar regions hallowed to his recollection by the apostolic labours of the Moravian missionaries. He had perhaps been reading Crantz's History and Journal not long before the appearance of a certain Number of the Quarterly Review, and it was inevitable that his imagination should receive a strong impression from the perusal, and that this impression should become almost a possession seizing upon his fancy, inspiring a restless desire to give it vent. It is very possible that the mind may be too powerfully excited to allow of a steady and leisurely contemplation of the object which presents itself. It was an absolutely indefinite idea that would in the first place form itself in the Poet's mind, an idea of cloud-like vastness, brilliancy, and impalpability, and it was by the very indistinctness of the half-defined conception that it acted with so potent a charm upon his feelings. Mr. Montgomery is fond of grasping at gigantic forms of thought which stretch into immensity. He is a very Ixion in his ambition of intellectual grandeur, and must have nothing less than a goddess for his embrace. 'His original plan,' he tells us,

'was intended to embrace the most prominent events in the annals of ancient and modern Greenland;—incidental descriptions of whatever is sublime or picturesque in the seasons and scenery, or peculiar in the superstitions, manners, and character of the natives;—with a rapid retrospect of that moral revolution which the Gospel has wrought among these people, by reclaiming them, almost universally, from idolatry and barbarism.'

Now we venture to hint that this is, properly speaking, no plan at all ; it possesses none of either the unity or the tangibility of a plan. It is a loosely floating, incoherent, superb conception of a possible something of which the Poet finds himself unable to give even the outline. It would seem to be a design for a series of poems rather than for one ; but had Mr. Montgomery persisted in his endeavour to digest his scheme, had he submitted his plan to a rigid analysis, he must have found how extremely indefinite was the idea that occupied his mind, and how impossible it was to construct a poem upon so shifting a basis : it was building upon an iceberg, and he found himself presently out at sea. We do not mean to dispute that the whole of the above *argument* might have been comprised in a connected poem of moderate compass, by being duly distributed into action, recital, and episode, by which means past, present, and to come can, by the Poet, be brought together within the sphere of vision ; but it is the grouping and the management of the lights, that constitute a design. A poem will rarely be found permanently to interest, that is entirely desultory, in which the successive passages carry forward no business, develop no purpose. It would be the height of presumption in us to attempt to supply the deficiency of plan in the present instance. We are tempted, however, to think, that if Mr. Montgomery, instead of loitering with Captain Ross in the Arctic seas, and playing with his subject, had pushed on at once to the Missionary Station in Greenland, and shewn us Christian David clad in his bear-skin, exerting his apostolic labours among the Polar savages, thus bringing the human actors immediately before us, instead of letting the main subject dwindle down to an historic fact almost lost in the surrounding scenery, he would have found ample scope for incidental descriptions of the phenomena of nature, and for references to the more striking events in the history of the people, at the same time that he would have had a foreground of sufficient interest for the eye to rest upon. We apprehend that in Crantz he might have found materials enough for a story ; for without a story there can be no action, and unless he could have put his missionaries in action, he might as well as have kept them shut up in their snow-house. If the subject did not admit of some kind of story being framed out of it, it was altogether a bad one for a poem. But Southey would most certainly have set the whole colony in motion in a trice, and, by the help of a few incidents, have kept us occupied with the stupid wonder, the first awkward efforts, the at length ductile and expanding minds of the *Skraelings*, and the hopes, and disappointments, and persevering efforts and resources of the Missionaries, through twelve or twenty cantos as it pleased him, and have found names legitimately Esquimaux for the whole *Dramatis Personæ*. Southey, how-

ever, though sincerely disposed to do ample justice on all occasions to the characters and exertions of Christian Missionaries, would not have been able to enter into the subject as we conceive Mr. Montgomery's feelings would have enabled him to do, or to have preserved in the representation equal fidelity to historic truth. The situation of a defenceless Christian Missionary in the midst of a savage horde of idolaters, is certainly as susceptible of poetical effect as any that can be imagined, although it is one to which poetical genius would not of itself be competent to do justice. We cannot help indulging a wish that Poetry should do itself the honour of paying this tribute to Christianity, and we challenge Mr. Montgomery to seize upon the occasion it offers for distinguishing himself. A 'rapid retrospect of a moral revolution' wrought among a people, is not the way in which a subject can be efficiently or impressively treated in a poem of any description. Such a view in the way of reference might perhaps be introduced with effect in a lyric poem, but we soon tire of historical narration in verse, conscious that the facts are to be got at by a much more direct method. We sympathise with individuals only, and when the Poet leaves off speaking of himself, his own feelings and experience, he must introduce us to some other definite portion of human nature with which we may hold converse, or the utmost splendour of his rhymes will not long detain our attention.

But it is time that we proceed to shew what Mr. Montgomery *has* done. Although he speaks of having relinquished his original enterprise, being stopped, it should seem, by the ice, before he had traced the whole of the land he set out to discover, yet he here presents us with five cantos which form a highly interesting log-book so far of the voyage. The Preface lets the reader into the secret of the leading fault of the Poem, and we have attempted to point out the cause of the failure: it is the more incumbent upon us to do justice in detail to the spirit and the felicity of execution which distinguish the series of descriptions of which it consists.

The first Canto opens with a representation of the first three Moravian Missionaries on their voyage to Greenland.

'THE moon is watching in the sky; the stars  
Are swiftly wheeling on their golden cars;  
Ocean, outstretcht with infinite expanse,  
Serenely slumbers in a glorious trance;  
The tide, o'er which no troubling spirits breathe,  
Reflects a cloudless firmament beneath;  
Where, poised as in the centre of a sphere,  
A ship above and ship below appear:  
A double image, pictured on the deep,  
The vessel o'er its shadow seems to sleep;

Yet, like the host of heaven, that never rest,  
With evanescent motion to the west,  
The pageant glides through loneliness and night,  
And leaves behind a rippling wake of light.'

'Hark! through the calm and silence of the scene,  
Slow, solemn, sweet, with many a pause between,  
Celestial music swells along the air!

—No;—'tis the evening hymn of praise and prayer  
From yonder deck; where, on the stern retired,  
Three humble voyagers, with looks inspired,  
And hearts enkindled with a holier flame  
Than ever lit to empire or to fame,  
Devoutly stand:—their choral accents rise  
On wings of harmony beyond the skies;  
And 'midst the songs, that Seraph-Minstrels sing,  
Day without night, to their immortal King,  
These simple strains,—which erst Bohemian hills  
Echoed to pathless woods and desert rills;  
Now heard from Shetland's azure bound,—are known  
In heaven; and He, who sits upon the throne  
In human form, with mediatorial power,  
Remembers Calvary, and hails the hour,  
When, by the Almighty Father's high decree,  
The utmost north to Him shall bow the knee,  
And, won by love, an untamed rebel-race  
Kiss the victorious Sceptre of his grace.  
Then to *His* eye whose instant glance pervades  
Heaven's heights, Earth's circle, Hell's profoundest shades,  
Is there a groupe more lovely than those three  
Night-watching Pilgrims on the lonely sea?  
Or to *His* ear, that gathers in one sound  
The voices of adoring worlds around,  
Comes there a breath of more delightful praise  
Than the faint notes his poor disciples raise,  
Ere on the treacherous main they sink to rest,  
Secure as leaning on their Master's breast?

The remainder of the Canto is occupied with a sketch of the origin, extinction, and revival of the Church of the United Brethren: it has nothing to do with Greenland. The same remark applies to the second Canto, which is wholly a digression to Iceland, but not the less interesting on that account. Nay, it will occur to the reader, that Iceland might have deserved to give its name to an entire poem, and materials even of a preferable kind to any which were to be met with further north, might perhaps, have been discovered in its history. No wonder that our Poet lingers there.

'Strange Isle! a moment to poetic gaze  
Rise in thy majesty of rocks and bays,  
Glens, fountains, caves, that seem not things of earth,  
But the wild shape of some prodigious birth;

As if the kraken, monarch of the sea,  
 Wallowing abroad in his immensity,  
 By polar storms and lightning shafts assail'd,  
 Wedged with ice-mountains, here had fought and fail'd;  
 Perish'd,—and in the petrifying blast,  
 His hulk became an island rooted fast :  
 —Rather, from ocean's dark foundation hurl'd,  
 Thou art a type of his mysterious world,  
 Buoy'd on the desolate abyss, to shew  
 What wonders of creation hide below.'

' Here Hecla's triple peaks, with meteor lights,  
 Nature's own beacons, cheer hybernal nights :  
 But when the orient flames in red array,  
 Like ghosts the spectral splendours flee the day ;  
 Morn at her feet beholds supinely spread  
 The carcase of the old chimera dead,  
 That wont to vomit flames and molten ore,  
 Now cleft asunder to the inmost core;  
 In smouldering heaps, wide wrecks and cinders strown,  
 Lie like the walls of Sodom overthrown,  
 (Ere from the face of blushing Nature swept,  
 And where the city stood the Dead Sea slept :)  
 While inaccessible, tradition feigns,  
 To human foot the guarded top remains,  
 Where birds of hideous shape and doleful note,  
 Fate's ministers, in livid vapours float.'

' Far off, amidst the placid sunshine, glow  
 Mountains with hearts of fire and crests of snow,  
 Whose blacken'd slopes with deep ravines entrench'd  
 Their thunders silenced, and their lightnings quench'd,  
 Still the slow heat of spent eruptions breathe,  
 While embryo earthquakes swell their wombs beneath.'

' Hark ! from yon cauldron-cave, the battle-sound  
 Of fire and water warring under ground ;  
 Rack'd on the wheels of an ebullient tide,  
 Here might some spirit, fall'n from bliss, abide,  
 Such fitful wailings of intense despair,  
 Such emanating splendours fill the air.  
 —He comes, he comes ; the' infuriate Geyser springs  
 Up to the firmament on vapoury wings ;  
 With breathless awe the mounting glory view ;  
 White whirling clouds his steep ascent pursue.  
 But lo ! a glimpse ;—refulgent to the gale,  
 He starts all naked through his riven veil ;  
 A fountain-column, terrible and bright,  
 A living, breathing, moving form of light ;  
 From central earth to heaven's meridian throne,  
 The mighty apparition towers alone,  
 Rising, as though for ever he could rise,  
 Storm and resume his palace in the skies.

All foam, and turbulence, and wrath below ;  
 Around him beams the reconciling bow ;  
 (Signal of peace, whose radiant girdle binds,  
 Till nature's doom, the waters and the winds ;)  
 While mist and spray, condensed to sudden dews,  
 The air illumine with celestial hues,  
 As if the bounteous sun were raining down  
 The richest gems of his imperial crown.  
 In vain the spirit wrestles to break free,  
 Foot-bound to fathomless captivity ;  
 A power unseen, by sympathetic spell  
 For ever working,—to his flinty cell  
 Recalls him from the ramparts of the spheres ;  
 He yields, collapses, lessens, disappears ;  
 Darkness receives him in her vague abyss,  
 Around whose verge light froth and bubbles hiss,  
 While the low murmurs of the reflux tide  
 Far into subterranean silence glide,  
 The eye still gazing down the dread profound,  
 When the bent ear hath wholly lost the sound.  
 —But is he slain and sepulchred ?—Again  
 The deathless giant sallies from his den,  
 Scales with recruited strength the' etherial walls,  
 Struggles afresh for liberty,—and falls.  
 Yes, and for liberty the fight renew'd,  
 By day, by night, undaunted, unsubdued,  
 He shall maintain, till Iceland's solid base  
 Fail, and the mountains vanish from its face.'

The third Canto lands the Brethren in Greenland. A fine opportunity is afforded for arraying in all the pomp of verse the wonders and the perils of Arctic navigation. The incidents introduced are founded upon the real events of the voyage of the Missionaries, as given in a note taken from Crantz's history. Among these are a fog at sea, which is very picturesquely described, and the breaking up of some ice fields which would certainly have destroyed the vessel, but for a tempest which drove the floating masses sufficiently asunder to enable her to pass through in safety. Mr. Montgomery has worked up the incident with very considerable effect.

' Quick skirmishes with floating batteries past,  
 Ruin inevitable threats at last :  
 Athwart the north, like ships of battle spread,  
 Winter's flotilla, by their captain led,  
 (Who boasts with these to make his prowess known,  
 And plant his foot beyond the arctic zone ?)  
 Islands of ice, so wedged and grappled lie,  
 One moving continent appals the eye,  
 And to the ear renews those notes of doom,  
 That brought portentous warnings through the gloom ;

For loud and louder, with explosive shocks,  
 Sudden convulsions split the frost-bound rocks,  
 And launch loose mountains on the frothing ooze,  
 As pirate-barks, on summer seas to cruise.  
 In front this perilous array ;—behind,  
 Borne on the surges, driven by the wind,  
 The vessel hurries to the brink of fate ;  
 All efforts fail, — but prayer is not too late ;  
 Then, in the imminent and ghastly fall  
 Foul on destruction,—the disciples call  
 On Him, their Master, who in human form,  
 Slept in the lap of the devouring storm ;  
 On Him, who in the midnight watch was seen,  
 Walking the gulph, ineffably serene,  
 At whose rebuke the tempest ceased to roar,  
 The winds caress'd the waves, the waves the shore ;  
 On Him they call ;—their prayer, in faith preferr'd,  
 Amidst the frantic hurricane is heard ;  
 He gives the sign, by none in earth or heaven  
 Known, but by him to whom the charge is given,  
 The Angel of the Waters ;—he, whose wrath  
 Had hurl'd the vessel on that shipwreck path,  
 Becomes a minister of grace ;—his breath  
 Blows, — and the enemies are scatter'd—Death,  
 Rest of his quarry, plunges through the wave,  
 Buried himself where he had mark'd their grave,  
 The line of battle broken, and the chain  
 Of that armada, which oppress'd the main,  
 Snapt hopelessly asunder,—quickly all  
 The' enormous masses in disruption fall,  
 And the weak vessel, through the chaos wild,  
 Led by the mighty Angel,—as a child,  
 Snatch'd from its crib, and in the mother's arms  
 Borne through a midnight tumult of alarms,—  
 Escapes the wrecks ; nor slackens her career,  
 Till sink the forms, and cease the sounds of fear,  
 And He, who rules the universe at will,  
 Saith to the reinless elements, “ Be still.”

At length, ‘ land ! land ! ’ is shouted from the top-mast, and  
 the word, as by an electric shock, passes from lip to lip.

‘ Yet must imagination half supply  
 The doubtful streak, dividing sea and sky ;  
 Nor clearly known, till in sublimer day,  
 From icy cliffs refracted splendours play,  
 And clouds of sea-fowl high in ether sweep,  
 Or fall like stars through sun-shine on the deep.  
 ’Tis Greenland ! but so desolately bare,  
 Amphibious life alone inhabits there ;  
 ’Tis Greenland ! yet so beautiful the sight,  
 The Brethren gaze with undisturbed delight.’

We think that the Esquimaux fable of Malina and Aninga (the Sun and the Moon) was almost too degradingly absurd to deserve to be *set* in poetry, and it can gain nothing more from verse than a *Skraelling* would from gold lace or scarlet trappings: the paraphrase is most ill-bestowed finery. The ice blink and the Northern lights are described in the Poet's happiest style,—a style which, although it sometimes reminds us of Darwin, as, for instance, when we read of

‘Refluent foam and iridescent spray’—

is for the most part chaste as well as nervous, dazzling but not turgid, and always picturesque and luxuriant.

The fourth Canto is an historical retrospect of ancient Greenland. The Poet declines, however, fighting over again the battles—without which, what is history?—ingeniously alleging as his reason, that

‘Who follows Homer takes the field too late;’

and he passes over with as little ceremony the monkish legends relating to the same period, of groves, and gardens watered by blood-warm rivulets which ‘amidst disparted ice made laps of ‘verdure,’ and Gothic cloisters resounding to the notes of music, and cheered by wine. Yet, unless he had taken us to the Brethren’s station at once, and taught us to emulate the self-denying spirit of missionaries, we see not why we might not have been allowed to loiter a while in the regions of romance; for it is cold work coasting along among the icebergs and the walruses. We could not help thinking that with the Author of *Kehama* for our pilot, we should have come better off for winter quarters. However, we must forgive our Author in consideration of the following picture of the modern Greenlanders, which our readers will agree with us in thinking admirable. It wanted but to be *individualized*, to be a perfect portrait.

‘A stunted, stern, uncouth, amphibious stock,  
Hewn from the living marble of the rock,  
Or sprung from mermaids, and in ocean’s bed,  
With orcs and seals, in sunless caverns bred,  
They might have held, from unrecorded time,  
Sole patrimony in that hideous clime.  
So lithe their limbs, so fenced their frames to bear  
The’ intensest rigours of the polar air;  
Nimble, and muscular, and keen to run  
The rein-deer down a circuit of the sun:  
To climb the slippery cliffs, explore their cells,  
And storm and sack the sea-birds’ citadels;  
In bands, through snows, the mother-bear to trace,  
Slay with their darts the cubs in her embrace,  
And while she lick’d their bleeding wounds, to brave  
Her deadliest vengeance in her inmost cave:

Train'd with inimitable skill to float,  
 Each, balanced in his bubble of a boat,  
 With dexterous paddle steering through the spray,  
 With poised harpoon to strike his plunging prey ;  
 As though the skiff, the seaman, oar, and dart,  
 Were one compacted body, by one heart  
 With instinct, motion, pulse empower'd to ride,  
 A human Nautilus upon the tide ;  
 Or with a fleet of Kayaks to assail  
 The desperation of the stranded whale,  
 When wedged 'twixt jagged rocks he writhes and rolls  
 In agony among the ebbing shoals,  
 Lashing the waves to foam ; until the flood,  
 From wounds, like geysers, seems a bath of blood,  
 Echo all night dumb-pealing to his roar ;  
 Till morn beholds him slain along the shore.'

Our extracts are multiplying, but it would be doing injustice to the Poet to slight the remaining Canto, which has employed his very best exertions. It describes in a series of episodes the depopulation of East Greenland. Here our Author seems fairly to revel in the opportunity afforded him for bringing together upon a grand scale splendid and terrific images. Catastrophe upon catastrophe crowds upon us ; the Canto would almost serve as a store-house for epic poets in this respect. The destruction of a snow-house by an inundation of the sea, entombing all its inmates ; the disruption from the shore and recoil of a continent of ice, owing to Ocean's having 'burst the 'roof that sepulchred his waves,' by which immense numbers were lost ; and the *Black Death*, brought to Greenland by the last ship that reached that ill-fated country, and by which its depopulation is supposed to have been greatly accelerated ; follow each other over the scene in rapid succession, and all is vast and terrible. As a proof, however, that our feelings are more deeply moved by individual cases, than by the narration of the most extensive catastrophes, (a circumstance of which the Author seems to need being perpetually reminded,) the reader may contrast the effect produced on his mind by the second in order of the above named events, with that of which he is conscious on perusing the following supplemental incident.

'Where are the multitudes of yesterday ?  
 At morn they came ; at eve they pass'd away.  
 Yet some survive ;—yon castellated pile  
 Floats on the surges, like a fairy-isle ;  
 Pre-eminent upon its peak, behold,  
 With walls of amethyst and roofs of gold,  
 The semblance of a city ; towers and spires  
 Glance in the firmament with opal fires ;  
 Prone from those heights pellucid fountains flow  
 O'er pearly meads, through emerald vales below.

No lovelier pageant moves beneath the sky,  
 Nor one so mournful to the nearer eye:  
 Here, when the bitterness of death had pass'd  
 O'er others with their sledge and reindeer cast,  
 Five wretched ones, in dumb despondence wait  
 The lingering issue of a nameless fate;  
 A bridal party:—mark yon reverend sage  
 In the brown vigour of autumnal age;  
 His daughter in her prime; the youth, who won  
 Her love by miracles of prowess done;  
 With these, two meet companions of their joy,  
 Her younger sister, and a gallant boy,  
 Who hoped, like *him*, a gentle heart to gain  
 By valourous enterprise on land or main.  
 —These, when the ocean-pavement fail'd their feet,  
 Sought on a glacier's crags a safe retreat,  
 But in the shock, from its foundation torn,  
 That mass is slowly o'er the waters borne,  
 An ice-berg!—on whose verge all day they stand,  
 And eye the blank horizon's ring for land.  
 All night around a dismal flame they weep;  
 Their sledge, by piecemeal, lights the hoary deep.  
 Morn brings no comfort; at her dawn expire  
 The latest embers of their latest fire;  
 For warmth and food the patient reindeer bleeds,  
 Happier in death than those he warms and feeds.  
 —How long, by that precarious raft upbuoy'd,  
 They blindly drifted on a shoreless void;  
 How long they suffer'd, or how soon they found  
 Rest in the gulph, or peace on living ground:  
 —Whether, by hunger, cold, and grief consum'd,  
 They perish'd miserably— and unentomb'd,  
 (While on that frigid bier their corpses lay,)  
 Became the sea-fowl's or the sea-bear's prey;  
 —Whether the wasting mound, by swift degrees,  
 Exhaled in mist and vanish'd from the seas,  
 While they, too weak to struggle even in death,  
 Lock'd in each other's arms, resign'd their breath,  
 And their white skeletons, beneath the wave,  
 Lie intertwined in one sepulchral cave:  
 —Or meeting some Norwegian bark at sea,  
 They deem'd its deck a world of liberty;  
 —Or sunward sailing, on green Erin's sod,  
 They kneel'd and worship'd a delivering God,  
 Where yet the blood they brought from Greenland runs  
 Among the noblest of our sister's sons;  
 —Is all unknown;—their ice-berg disappears  
 Amidst the flood of unreturning years.'

The arrival of the ship without a living crew, is certainly  
 very finely wrought up; but we prefer to take as our last ex-  
 tract, the fanciful description of the freezing in of the last ves-  
 sel that sailed for lost Greenland.

' Comes there no ship again to Greenland's shore?  
 There comes another ;—there shall come no more ;  
 Nor this shall reach an haven :—What are these  
 Stupendous monuments upon the seas?  
 Works of Omnipotence, in wondrous forms,  
 Immoveable as mountains in the storms?  
 Far as Imagination's eye can roll,  
 One range of Alpine glaciers to the pole  
 Flanks the whole eastern coast ; and, branching wide,  
 Arches o'er many a league the' indignant tide,  
 That works and frets, with unavailing flow,  
 To mine a passage to the beach below ;  
 Thence from its neck that winter-yoke to rend  
 And down the gulph the crashing fragments send.  
 There lies a vessel in this realm of frost,  
 Not wreck'd, nor stranded, yet for ever lost ;  
 Its keel embedded in the solid mass ;  
 Its glistening sails appear expanded glass ;  
 The transverse ropes with pearls enormous strung,  
 The yards with icicles grotesquely hung.'

' On deck, in groupes embracing as they died,  
 Singly, erect, or slumbering side by side,  
 Behold the crew !—They sail'd, with hope elate,  
 For eastern Greenland ; till, ensnared by fate,  
 In toils that mock'd their utmost strength and skill,  
 They felt, as by a charm, their ship stand still ;  
 The madness of the wildest gale that blows,  
 Were mercy to that shudder of repose,  
 When withering horror struck from heart to heart  
 The blunt rebound of Death's benumbing dart.'

' Morn shall return, and noon, and eve, and night,  
 Meet here with interchanging shade and light ;  
 But from this bark no timber shall decay,  
 Of these cold forms no feature pass away ;  
 Perennial ice around the' encrusted bow,  
 The peopled deck, and full-rigg'd masts shall grow,  
 Till from the sun himself the whole be hid,  
 Or spied beneath a crystal pyramid ;  
 As in pure amber, with divergent lines,  
 A rugged shell emboss'd with sea-weed shines.  
 From age to age increased with annual snow,  
 This new *Mont Blanc* among the clouds may glow,  
 Whose conic peak, that earliest greets the dawn,  
 And latest from the sun's shut eye withdrawn,  
 Shall from the zenith, through incumbent gloom,  
 Burn like a lamp upon this naval tomb.  
 But when the archangel's trumpet sounds on high,  
 The pile shall burst to atoms through the sky,  
 And leave its dead, upstarting at the call,  
 Naked and pale, before the Judge of all.'

We have more than once referred to Mr. Montgomery's peculiar adaptation of talent to poems of a different construction, intimating our preference, for the most part, of his lyrical pieces; although we must never forget what unquestionably is his master-piece, as well as one of the noblest passages in the whole compass of modern poetry, we mean, his *Death of Adam*, or we might say, the whole of the fourth canto of the *World before the Flood*. The minor pieces which make up the remaining contents of the present volume, are, we must confess, not quite such as we should select as favourable specimens of Mr. Montgomery's talents in this department of poetry; and some of them, had we been at his elbow, should not have appeared at all; not even if the Author had nothing better in readiness. Occasional poems are very seldom worthy of outliving the occasion, unless they proceed from the absolutely spontaneous movements of the Poet's mind; and yet, when such things have once found their way out to the public, we are aware that it is natural for the Author to wish to fold the stray pieces in a volume. There are none, too, in the present collection, that will not be acceptable to Mr. Montgomery's friends, and these form a powerful section of that Public to whose liberality he meekly commits himself. As a proof, however, of the good faith and the good reason with which we made the remarks we did, on our Author's peculiar merits as a lyrical poet, it will be necessary only to transcribe one poem, which, when we first saw it some time ago in manuscript, we thought, as we think still, to be as exquisitely touching as any thing we had met with. It is a simple and even a trite thought, but developed with that perfect grace, and elegance, and tenderness, which more than all that is striking in the laboured periods of heroic verse, betray the master-hand.

‘ INCOGNITA :

‘ *Written on viewing the Picture of an unknown Lady.*

‘ Image of One, who lived of yore !

Hail to that lovely mien,

Once quick and conscious ;—now no more

On land or ocean seen !

Were all earth's breathing forms to pass—

Before me in Agrippa's glass,

Many as fair as Thou might be,

But Oh ! not one,—not one like Thee.

‘ Thou art no Child of Fancy ;—Thou

The very look dost wear,

That gave enchantment to a brow,

Wreathed with luxuriant hair ;

Lips of the morn embathed in dew,

And eyes of evening's starry blue ;

Of all who e'er enjoy'd the sun,  
Thou art the image of but *One*.

' And who is she, in virgin prime,  
And May of womanhood,  
Whose roses here, unpluck'd by Time,  
In shadowy tints have stood ;  
While many a winter's withering blast  
Hath o'er the dark cold chamber pass'd,  
In which her once resplendent-form  
Slumber'd to dust beneath the storm ?

' Of gentle blood ;—upon her birth,  
Consenting planets smiled,  
And she had seen those days of mirth,  
That frolic round the child ;  
To bridal bloom her strength had sprung,  
Behold her beautiful and young !  
Lives there a record, which hath told,  
That she was wedded, widow'd, old ?

' How long her date, 'twere vain to guess  
The pencil's cunning art  
Can but a single glance express,  
One motion of the heart ;  
A smile, a blush,—a transient grace  
Of air, and attitude, and face ;  
One passion's changing colour mix ;  
One moment's flight for ages fix.

' Her joys and griefs, alike in vain  
Would fancy here recall ;  
Her throbs of ecstasy or pain  
Lull'd in oblivion all ;  
With her, methinks, life's little hour  
Pass'd like the fragrance of a flower,  
That leaves upon the vernal wind  
Sweetness we ne'er again may find.

' Where dwelt she ?—Ask yon aged tree,  
Whose boughs embower the lawn,  
Whether the birds' wild minstrelsy  
Awoke her here at dawn ;  
Whether beneath its youthful shade,  
At noon, in infancy she play'd ;  
—If from the oak no answer come,  
Of her all oracles are dumb.

' The Dead are like the stars by day ;  
Withdrawn from mortal eye,  
But not extinct, they hold their way,  
In glory through the sky :  
Spirits from bondage thus set free,  
Vanish amidst immensity,

Where human thought, like human sight,  
Fails to pursue their trackless flight.

' Somewhere within created space,  
Could I explore that round,  
In bliss, or woe, there is a place,  
Where she might still be found;  
And oh! unless those eyes deceive,  
I may, I must, I will believe,  
That she, whose charms so meekly glow,  
Is what she only seem'd below;—

An angel in that glorious realm,  
Where God himself is King :  
—But awe and fear that overwhelm  
Presumption, check my wing;  
Nor dare imagination look  
Upon the symbols of that book,  
Wherein eternity enrolls  
The judgements on departed souls.

' Of Her, of whom these pictured lines  
A faint resemblance form ;  
—Fair as the *second* rainbow shines  
Aloof amid the storm ;  
Of Her, this " shadow of a shade,"  
Like its original must fade,  
And She, forgotten when unseen,  
Shall be as if she ne'er had been.

' Ah! then, perchance, this dreaming strain,  
Of all that e'er I sung,  
A lorn memorial may remain,  
When silent lies my tongue ;  
When shot the meteor of my fame,  
Lost the vain echo of my name,  
This leaf, this fallen leaf, may be  
The only trace of her and me.'

AN AFTER-THOUGHT.

' With One who lived of old, my song  
In lowly cadence rose ;  
To One who is unborn, belong  
The accents of its close :  
Ages to come, with courteous ear,  
Some youth my warning voice may hear ;  
And voices from the dead should be  
The warnings of eternity.'

' When these weak lines thy presence greet,  
Reader! if I am blest,  
Again, as spirits, may we meet  
In glory and in rest :

If not,—and *I* have lost my way,  
 Here part we:—go not *Thou* astray;  
 No tomb, no verse my story tell!  
 Once, and for ever, Fare Thee well.'

Art. III. *Sermons*, preached in the Parish Church of High Wycombe, Bucks. By the Rev. Charles Bradley, Curate of High Wycombe. Second Edition. 8vo. pp 387. Price 10s. 6d. London. 1818.

**W**E owe some apology to the Author of these excellent Sermons, for having suffered a volume which has afforded us so much solid pleasure, to lie so long on our table, not indeed unread, but without giving it our warmest public recommendation. Mr. Bradley states, that these Sermons were not originally designed for publication; that they were 'prepared for the pulpit under circumstances by no means favourable to the exercise of thought, or much attention to language, and were sent to the Press without that careful revision which the Author wished to have given them.' He offers the 'pressure of daily employments as an apology for the blemishes, which he is unable to remove.' The reader will appreciate the modesty of this apology the more highly, on finding that there is nothing in the volume which justifies the Author's diffidence.

The Volume contains eighteen Sermons on the following topics: I. The Worshippers in the Heavenly Temple. II. The Worship and Privileges of the Heavenly Temple. III. The Dying Christian committing his Soul to God. IV. The Advantages of remembering Christ. V. The Legacy of Christ. VI. The News of Christ's Resurrection sent to Peter. VII. The Humility of St. Paul. VIII. The Compassion of the High Priest of the Church. IX. The Throne of Grace. X. The Death of Moses. XI. The Goodness of God to Israel. XII. The Christian journeying to the Promised Land. XIII. The Christian's Song in his Pilgrimage. XIV. The Brevity and Vanity of Human Life. XV. The Glory of the Gospel. XVI. The Constraining Influence of the Love of Christ. XVII. Christ the Healer of the Broken-hearted. XVIII. The Tears of Jesus at the Grave of Lazarus. These are not common-place subjects, nor are they treated in a common-place manner. There is that degree of originality of style sustained throughout the Volume, which belongs to every individual who is accustomed to the free exercise of his own mind; a peculiarity of character stamped upon it, which shews it to be the native production of a man's own thoughts and feelings; and such a work, be it of whatever kind it may, whether sermons or poetry, whether light or serious, can scarcely fail to be interesting. These Sermons are characteristically interesting, and being at

the same time purely evangelical, serious, and affectionate, they cannot fail to be extensively useful.

Our first extract shall be taken from the Fourth Sermon, which is on those words of our Lord, "This do in remembrance of me." After stating as the first part of his subject, 'what is implied in remembering Christ,' the Preacher proceeds to inquire, secondly, 'why Christ has left us this command to remember him.'

'1. He has done this for a reason, which ought to humble us in the dust. He has said, "Remember me," because he knows that we are prone to forget him. It might indeed have been supposed that such a Saviour could never for one hour, no nor yet for one moment, have been out of a dying sinner's mind; that his last thoughts in the evening and his first thoughts in the morning would be sweet thoughts of Christ; but is it so with us, brethren? Alas, no! There is reason to fear that many of us seldom or never think of Christ at all, unless when we are reminded of him on the sabbath in his house. We do not indeed endeavour nor perhaps wish to forget him at other times, but our heads and hearts are too full of other things to leave room for Christ or God to enter into them. The cares and business of the world occupy all the energies of some among us, and dissipations and amusements engross the trifling minds of others. And how is it with those of us, who have in some degree begun to think and act as rational and immortal beings? Their hearts also are ever ready to turn aside to vanity. Even they can often suffer the meanest trifles to intrude into the place of a dying Jesus; and when they have any devout and lively remembrance of his love, it is but for a moment; the savor of it is soon gone, and lightness and vanity succeed. What a cause for humiliation is here! Why do we not condemn and abhor ourselves for this base ingratitude? When we have buried a friend, whom we love, though he be no better than a creature formed of dust, we carry him about in our hearts, and every thing that disturbs our remembrance of him is for a long season sickening to the soul; and yet Jesus, our best and heavenly friend, is forgotten; his agony and bloody sweat, his cross and passion, and all he has done and suffered for our souls can find no abiding lodging-place in our remembrance. What reason for shame is here, and what a call for prayer! Nor is this all: here is also a lesson of caution. Am I thus prone basely to forget my Saviour? O then let me fly from every scene, from every society, from every pursuit, which has a tendency to lead my thoughts from him. Let me remember this infirmity of my sinful heart, and watch and pray against it, mourn over it, and dread to increase it.

'2 But our proneness to forget Christ is not the only reason, why he has commanded us to remember him. He has given us this command, secondly, because *he desires to be remembered by us*. True, he is now in the very highest heavens, seated on a throne higher than the thrones of angels, and worshipped by all the exalted spirits, that fill the realms of glory; and yet his eye is fixed on a people on the earth, and his soul is as mindful of them, as when he groaned for

them in the garden or bled for them on the cross. Unworthy as they are, he loves them; mean as they are, he is not ashamed still to call them brethren. He forgets the songs of angels to listen to their sighs and prayers. It is his delight to minister to their wants, to protect them in their dangers, and to comfort them in their sorrows. Yea, even when they forget him, he thinks on them; he watches over and pities them, when they are turning aside to vanity, and when they have tasted the bitterness of their wanderings, he restoreth their soul, and leadeth them again in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake. Now he does this, and more than this, for his people, simply because he loves them; and if he thus loves them, he would not surely be forgotten by them. By his word and ordinances he tells them that he would not, and urges them to think of him. What a stoop then is this for such a Being to make, and what an honor is here conferred on creatures such as we are! How ought it to elevate our affections and excite our love! Shall he, who made the world, desire to be remembered by us, and we forget him? Shall he, who inhabiteth the praises of eternity, call us brethren, and yet shall we forget such a brother in such a place?

' 3. The great reason however why Christ has commanded us to remember him is this; he knows that we cannot think of him without deriving much benefit to ourselves. What then are the advantages resulting from an habitual remembrance of Jesus?' pp. 66—69.

These benefits are shewn to be 'comfort to the soul when 'wounded by a sense of sin,' the elevation of the affections, patience under trials, and the promotion of a holy hatred of sin. The discourse concludes with the following application.

' But if we would habitually remember Jesus, let us not forget the command given us in the text; "This do in remembrance of me." We soon forget objects, which are removed from our sight, and our Lord, who knows and pities this weakness of our nature, has given us an abiding memorial of himself. He has appointed an ordinance for this very purpose, to remind us of his love. The sacrament of the Lord's supper is not designed to blot out our iniquities, as many suppose; but simply to remind us of a dying Saviour. It was ordained, as our church tells us, for a continual remembrance of the sacrifice of the death of Christ. "There we see Jesus evidently set forth before our eyes crucified among us," so plainly set forth, that if we have any seriousness of spirit, we shall find it difficult not to see and remember him. And yet from this ordinance many of us can often turn away without a struggle and without a sigh. What does this conduct prove? Our humility? the tenderness of our conscience? Alas! brethren, it proves much more clearly that the dying request of a crucified Redeemer is forgotten and despised. We do not so treat a departed parent or a friend. Their last requests are treasured in the memory, and we almost dread to violate or neglect them. How is it then that Jesus only is despised, when he says, "This do in remembrance of me?" There is reason to fear that we must find an answer to this enquiry, not in a tender conscience, but in a cold, careless, worldly heart. There the evil dies, and there the

remedy must be applied. Ministers may reason with us and expostulate, but our hearts must be changed, before we shall go to the Saviour's table with a desire of remembering him there. The love of the world and of sin must be rooted out of our souls, and all their energies and affections fixed on God. Deem not this a hard saying. It is a mere trifling with the matter to stop short of this view of it. The heart must be won to Christ before sacraments and ordinances will be loved by us, or be beneficial to our souls. If Christ is not remembered in them, and remembered too with affection, they will be useless to us; they will bring no comfort, no holiness, to our hearts; they will leave us, just as they find us, trifling and cold, earthly and sinful. The consequence of such a state as this is obvious; it is as sure and certain too, as it is plain. If we do not remember Christ, he will in the end cease to remember us. We need him now, but we shall need him much more soon; and in that great day of our need, which is fast approaching, he will act towards us, as we act towards others when we forget them. He will take no interest in any thing that concerns us. He will leave us to be our own defenders and saviours, to plead our own cause at the bar of God, and to keep off with our own feeble arm the stroke of vengeance. He will leave us to perish.

'We may not now think much of the misery of being thus forsaken. We may have no spiritual feelings, and no dread of spiritual evils in our minds. But the dream of life will soon be ended; and we shall awake in a world, where all our dormant powers will be roused to action in all their energy, either by that fulness of joy, which fills the exalted minds of angels, or by the bursting wrath of an insulted God. We shall then be forced to feel, that there is nothing more desirable for an immortal being, than to be remembered by the Lord of glory in his kingdom, and nothing more dreadful, than to be forgotten by him there. If he were to forget us even here, in this world of mercy, we should be undone. Thousands of our fellow-creatures might remember us, and millions of angels come to our help, but all the inhabitants of earth and of heaven could not supply the place of a departed God. All their united efforts could not keep for one moment our bodies from the grave, nor our souls from destruction. Who then among us can bear the thought of being forgotten by the Lord Jehovah? Which of us will dare to forget him, and be easy? O may we all be led this very hour to his throne, and offer there, with a contrite heart, this simple prayer of one, who is now rejoicing with Christ in Paradise, "Lord, remember me!"' pp. 75—78.

'The Christian journeying to the promised land,' is a very pleasing and instructive accommodation of Numbers x. 29. Heaven, the heavenly Canaan, is first shewn to be 'a desired place'—'a promised place'—'a country freely given.' The conduct of the Christian with regard to this place, is then illustrated, as involving a perseverance in seeking it, an actual progress, and a fixed determination to arrive there. The Third general remark is, that

'In prosecuting his sacred journey through the world to the king-

dom of heaven, it is evident that the Christian must necessarily separate himself from many of his brethren, with whom he would have otherwise contentedly associated. But, although he is constrained by the command of his God and the very nature of the work, in which he is engaged, to come out from among the ungodly and worldly, he does not consider himself as unconnected with them, nor does he cease to regard them as brethren. Moses dared not to return with Hobab to his idols, yet we find him manifesting great anxiety for Hobab's happiness. "Come thou with us," says he, "and we will do thee good."

1. If we regard this invitation as the advice of the Christian traveller to his fellow sinners around him, it implies, first, that *he has a sincere and earnest desire to bring them into that path to heaven, into which he himself has entered.* The Christian is not, he cannot be a selfish being. That very love, which saves him from spiritual and eternal death, constrains him to live no longer unto himself; it enlarges his soul, and fills it with the purest and most exalted benevolence. As soon therefore as he begins in good earnest to seek heaven for himself, he begins to desire that others may seek it also. He wishes for companions in his pilgrimage, and he invites and urges all around him to join him in his journey; yea, there is not a human being on the earth, whom he would not rejoice to see treading the same way of pleasantness, in which he is walking, and sharing with him the blessedness of the path of peace.

We are sadly negligent, brethren, in the performance of this duty. We seem indeed to have almost forgotten that it is our duty to be deeply and tenderly concerned for the eternal happiness of our brethren. We think it wrong to suffer their bodily wants to remain unrelieved, but as for the wants of their souls, we hardly think of them; we seem as though we could suffer them to perish for ever, without a single effort to snatch them from destruction. We lament perhaps at seasons their ignorance and folly, and when they die, we wish that they had died Christians; but sighs and wishes are not all, that Christ requires at our hands. He reminds us of what he has done for our own souls. He points to the manger and the cross, and tells us to let the same mind be in us, that was in him. He bids us deny ourselves for the salvation of others, to labor in the work, and, if need be, to suffer, rather than desist from it.

And even if this command had not been given us, a regard to our own happiness and spiritual prosperity might have suggested it to us. If we succeed in persuading others to join us in our journey to Canaan, we win souls not only to Christ, but to ourselves also; we increase the number of those, who are the fellow helpers of our joy. Those, whom we prevail on to travel with us, will assist us and comfort us in our wearisome pilgrimage. We shall take sweet counsel together, and walk in the house of God in company. Who can tell how much we shall be animated by their love and zeal? how much the languid spirit of devotion within us will be quickened by their burning hearts? how much we shall be cheered in our spiritual trials by their sympathy and prayers? And O who can say what our reward will be when we enter heaven? "They, that be wise," says

the scripture, "shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they, that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever." pp. 225—228.

The last inference under this head is, 'That if we would ever reach the kingdom of God, we must join ourselves now to the people of God.'

'Here then is a lesson for the young. In forming your connections and choosing your associates, take those only for your friends, who will consent to walk with you in the way to heaven, and who give you reasonable ground to hope that they are already seeking that better country, and will help you forward in your journey to it. It is quite sufficient, my young friends, to have the workings of your own evil and worldly hearts to struggle with on the road. You will always find enough in their temptations to lead you from the path, without calling in to their aid the example and enticements of frivolous and ungodly companions. And even if this were not the case, even if we could take the thoughtless and sinful as the friends of our youth, without being impeded by them in our course, would it be wise to choose for our most beloved associates upon earth those, whom we should dread to meet in another world? with whom we should tremble to have our portion in eternity? It is painful to say farewell even for a short season to those, whom we love; is there no pang then in bidding an eternal adieu to our bosom friends at the grave? is there no anguish in shuddering at the very thought of meeting them again? We may see in some of the lovers of pleasure around us much to admire and something perhaps to commend; their conduct may be decent, their dispositions amiable, and their society pleasing; we may love their cheerfulness and mirth; but in a few fleeting years all these things will have passed away and nothing will be left to us from our intercourse with them, but the consciousness that we have friends in eternity, whom we shall see no more; that we have friends gone into a world, where no sound of joy has ever yet been heard, nor one ray of hope ever dawned.' pp. 231—232.

There is something, we think, very striking in the opening of the First Sermon. We do not know whether we use the precise word that is most applicable to Mr. Bradley's style, and yet, there is a force in the simplicity, and gracefulness, and occasional pathos of the Preacher's manner, which seems to us to answer to that epithet, far better than many compositions of more ambitious oratory. The text is Rev. vii. 14, 15. "These are they which came out of great tribulation," &c.

'The figure under which heaven is represented to our view in this vision, is that of a temple, crowded with worshippers and resounding with praises. The man, who loves the tabernacles of the Lord as the saints of old loved them, will view this representation of his future residence with peculiar interest. There are indeed seasons in the life of the established Christian, in which the prospect of this heavenly temple brings to his heart a feeling, that passes the understanding of a sinful world. The veil, which conceals eternity from his sight, seems to

be drawn aside, and heaven, with all its glories, opens to his view. He beholds the splendor of the heavenly house, he hears the songs of its redeemed inhabitants, and deems himself already a partaker in their joy.

' Would we, my brethren, enter into the Christian's secret, and share his blessedness? Our affections must first be fixed where his are fixed, on things above; we must have a treasure in eternity, and our conversation must be in heaven. Let us then, this very hour, strive to stir up our languid and cold desires. While seated in this earthly house of prayer, let us lift up our thoughts to that glorious temple above, in which all the triumphant church are at this very moment assembled and pouring forth their praises. There dwells the Saviour, who is all our salvation and all our desire; there live the Christian friends, who were once dear to our souls on earth; and there, if we are the redeemed of the Lord, when the days of our tribulation are ended, will be our eternal home. O may we all one day enter that house of rest! May we all love to fix our thoughts on it now, and contemplate its blessedness! May we often experience, within these walls, a foretaste of its joys!' pp. 1—2.

After speaking of the Temple itself, the Preacher proceeds to notice the circumstances of the worshippers.

' Who then are these rejoicing worshippers, and whence came they? Many of them are natives of this glorious world, and have been for countless ages ministering servants in this house. These are described in the eleventh verse of this chapter, as standing round about the throne, and falling before the throne on their faces, and worshipping God. But these are not the worshippers referred to in the text. There is another and a more numerous class of priests, who sing another and a louder song, and occupy as honorable a place. "These are they, which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

' 1. This description reminds us, first, of the former condition of these worshippers. It tells us that it was an earthly condition. They were not, like the angels, born in this house. They were natives of an apostate world, and had an earthly origin. The powers of their nature were once far less exalted than those of their fellow-worshippers, and they were altogether incapable of sharing in many of their services. Their spirits were united to a frail body, a body of humiliation, taken from the dust of the earth, and rapidly tending to earth again.

' Their condition too was a sinful one. Their great tribulation was brought upon them by the greatness of their sins. Not that they were more sinful than the other inhabitants of the earth which they dwelt on, but they were once like their brethren, dead in trespasses and sins. They were as careless and cold, as indifferent about spiritual and eternal things, as any of us. Even in their best state they were plagued, like ourselves, with a body of sin. There is not one among them, who was not a sinner upon earth, and who has not to this very hour a remembrance of his guilt. It is this remembrance

which makes their gratitude so fervent, and their song so loud. It is this, that puts into their mouths so exalted a hymn of praise, that the angels cannot reach its strains.

They were also in a *suffering, afflicted* condition. Not a single sorrow or care now enters their hearts, yet they were once in great tribulation. Many of them came out of a state of peculiar distress and suffering. "They had trials of cruel mockings and scourgings, yea moreover of bonds and imprisonment. They were stoned, were ~~sawn~~ *sawn* asunder, were slain with the sword. They wandered about in sheep skins and goat skins, being destitute, afflicted, tormented." All of them were in some degree men of sorrows. They were as well acquainted with poverty and want, anxiety and care, as we are now. Their bodies were once as weak and as liable to pain and sickness, as our own. Their houses of mourning were as frequent and gloomy, and their graves as dreary and cold. It was the same with their spiritual troubles. They felt, at seasons, the same painful and suspicious fears, that we feel; they were assaulted by the same temptations, stricken by the same arrows, and forced to struggle with the same enemies. Not a single temporal or spiritual sorrow can ever enter into our hearts, which has not been a thousand times felt, in all its bitterness, by these rejoicing inhabitants of the heavenly world.

' 2. Such was the original condition of these worshippers; it was an earthly, a sinful, and a suffering one. Let us look, secondly, at *their present condition*. Here however our knowledge again fails us. We know what it is to be sinful and afflicted creatures upon earth, but we do not know what it is to be priests of God in heaven.' pp. 5-8.

It is, however, he remarks, a state of peace—of purity—and of triumph. Speaking of their purity, in contrast with their former state of sinful defilement, Mr. Bradley thus adverts to the Baptismal Regeneration heresy.

' How then was their filthiness removed? by the water of baptism? All these priests were indeed washed in this water, but it was not this, that purified their souls. No outward means can remove the stain of sin: daily experience and observation prove that they cannot. While we are contending that baptism has this power, thousands around us, who have been baptized in the name of Christ, are giving a death-blow to all our reasoning by their worldly and ungodly lives. This and every other ordinance is indeed sometimes made the means of communicating blessings to the soul; but there is no inseparable connexion between the outward visible sign and the inward spiritual grace of any sacrament. A man may hear the gospel, and yet bring forth none of its fruits; he may go to the table of the Lord, and yet not discern the Lord's body there; he may be washed in the water of baptism, and yet be as much in the gall of bitterness and in the bond of iniquity, as Simon Magus or Judas Iscariot.

' Could we but once be brought, my brethren, to see something of the real nature and extent of the depravity which reigns within us, we should that very moment be convinced, that no outward

ordinances, no human exertions, can cleanse us from its pollution: that the evil is too powerful and too deeply seated to yield to such remedies as these. We should see that the matter will not admit, for a moment, of doubt or argument. Our feelings would at once refute the most subtle reasonings. There is indeed a fountain which has power to wash away sin and uncleanness; but this is a spiritual fountain provided and opened, not by man's power, but by God's mercy. These heavenly priests have discovered this sacred laver, and in their songs they point it out to us. We find them always ascribing the change which has passed on them to one cause, and giving to one Being all the glory. "Unto him, that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father, to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever." "They have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the lamb;" that blood, which, the Bible tells us, cleanseth from all sin, and which can make the sinner's defiled robes as white as snow. "Therefore," says the text, "are they before the throne of God." This was the reason, why the everlasting doors of the heavenly temple were opened to them, while thousands of their fellow-sinners are for ever excluded from its courts:—"they were washed, they were sanctified, they were justified in the name of the Lord Jesus and by the Spirit of our God." pp 9—11.

Here we must close our extracts. A Volume of Sermons can be judged of only in this way, and yet, the extracts have a great disadvantage in being separated from the context. That may be a very excellent and useful sermon, which contains no striking passage taken by itself. We are, however, much mistaken, if these specimens will not succeed in interesting every reader of religious taste, in Mr. Bradley's volume. We hope the Author will be encouraged by the flattering success which this has met with, a success which we cannot but ascribe to the estimation in which he is generally held, to prepare at his leisure a second volume for publication. We do not recollect ever to have seen a subscription list at all approaching, either in the number, or in the rank of the names, to that which is prefixed to Mr. Bradley's Volume. It is dedicated, in a manly Preface, to the Earl of Liverpool.

Art. IV. 1. *The Protestant*: a Series of Letters which appeared in the Glasgow Chronicle, and afterwards were published in weekly Numbers; together with the Replies of *Amicus Veritatis* and *Pax*. Glasgow, 1808—Dublin, reprinted, 1819.

2. *Tracts against Popery*. Dublin, 1818. London, 1819.

**I**N again adverting to the subject of Popery, we deem it right to apprise our readers, that we intend to abstain from discussions of a political nature. Our remarks will have an exclusive reference to the religious tenets of the Church of Rome. That these tenets should be gaining ground in a Protestant country, is a fact which assuredly claims the most serious attention, quite irrespectively of any question of legislative expediency. We cannot contemplate with indifference the progress of Popery, believing it, as we do, to be 'Satan's Masterpiece.' When we complain, however, of the increase of Popery, it is not simply that it has increased in proportion to the increase of a growing population, but that its chapels have been thronged by the defection of adult Protestants, and by the education of the children of mixed marriages, in the principles of their Popish parent. In England, the fact is beyond dispute; chapels are rising up every where, but especially in the Northern counties. 'The principal Jesuit of Preston,' we are informed on good authority, 'now makes a boast, that when he first came into it, (a little more than twenty years since,) a small room would have contained his whole congregation; at this time he proclaims with triumph, that two large chapels have been built, which will hold two thousand persons each, and that even these chapels will not hold their congregations.' 'Before the establishment of this college, (the Jesuit,) there were not half a dozen Papists about Stoneyhurst, but now, the greater portion of the population in that part of the country are Papists. In the summer of 1813, there were confirmed in the three towns of Manchester, Liverpool, and Preston, alone, 3000 children\*.'

There now lies before us the 'Laity's Directory,' 1819, containing, among other things, a list of the principal Popish chapels in and near London, and in different parts of the kingdom; and likewise specifying, by way of advertisement, the leading seminaries for the education of Popish children of both sexes. Of the former there are fifty-seven; of the latter, fifty-five. This publication also notices a 'London Mission Fund,' 'a Midland Mission Fund,' and 'a Foreign Mission.' The object of the first two institutions, is to educate Priests for England; the latter is designed to support and extend Popery in Heathen countries. The following paragraphs connected with the notices of these

\* Hist. of the Jesuits, Vol. 1. pp. 334, 335, and 339.

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various Institutions, afford unequivocal proof of the nature and tendency of the doctrines of the Church of Rome, as held *at the present time*. As some persons have affected to be sceptical on this point, we wish particularly to direct the attention of our readers to the following extracts taken from one of the latest documents.

At the close of the notice soliciting the assistance of the Faithful for Westminster Chapel, it is said :

‘ In return for the charitable aid of a generous Public, which duty requires Mr. Sumner to solicit for his distressed flock, he engages that the solemn sacrifice and the prayers of his indigent congregation, shall on the first Sunday of every month, be offered up to the Throne of Mercy, to obtain for them the rewards of that divine charity, which our adorable Redeemer descended from heaven, solely to enkindle in the hearts of all men.’

### Hampstead Chapel.

‘ The few Catholic gentlemen residing at Hampstead, having by the blessing of God and the sanction of the Right Reverend Dr. Poynter, succeeded in raising a proper and convenient place of worship, feel very great satisfaction in being able to inform those who have kindly assisted them and contributed to the good work, and all Catholics in general, that the new chapel was solemnly blessed under the invocation and in honour of the Blessed Virgin Mary, on Saturday the 17th of August, 1816, and opened by a solemn high Mass on the day following, being the Sunday within the Octave of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary, who is known in ancient times to have been the Patroness of this place.’

### St. Thomas's Chapel, Bloxwich.

‘ N. B. At this chapel there is a society for the Dead, with a perpetual obligation Mass each month for the members of the society, established with the approbation of the Vicar apostolic of the Midland district.’

### The Catholics of Leicester

‘ hope in a few months to offer up the adorable sacrifice to the Almighty for those to whom under Him they owe the inestimable privilege of continuing to exist as a Catholic congregation, and a portion of the Universal Church of Christ on Earth.’

### London Mission Fund.

‘ Each person becoming a member, enjoys the benefit of having the holy sacrifice offered up for him the first Sunday of every month—and he also participates in the benefits of four Masses which are celebrated every week in the Bishop's chapel for its members and benefactors. Such are the advantages, and such are the objects, that are aimed at by this Institution, objects that should induce every Catholic, who is sincerely attached to the faith of his ancestors, to seize with gladness this opportunity of propitiating the favour of the Almighty, and laying up for himself immortal treasures in Heaven.’

**Midland Mission Fund.**

‘A half-penny or a penny a week will be most thankfully received. Fifty Masses are said annually for the Benefactors; the Rosary also is said once a week by the young men for the same institution, and when they are Priests, they will say four Masses annually as long as they live, for those who have contributed towards their promotion to Holy Orders.’

**Foreign Mission.**—The following is one of three prayers which are to be recited every morning by the associates.

‘Remember, O most pious and tender Virgin, that it is a thing unheard of in all ages, that ever any one was abandoned by you, who ran to you for succour, implored your help, or begged your Intercession. Animated by this confidence, I, a wretched sinner, place myself in sighs and groans before you, entreating you to adopt me for your child for ever, and to take my eternal salvation into your own care: do not, O Mother of the Divine Word, despise my petition, but listen to me and hear me with a mother’s tenderness.’

Once more: **St. Aloysius Charity Schools** are recommended on the following principle.

‘Can he who would secure an advocate at the awful tribunal of Eternity, find one that would address the Sovereign Judge with more persuasive eloquence, than a smiling host of innocent babes?’

All the public documents of the Church of Rome, exhibit in the most undisguised manner, those very doctrines which were broached in the darkest and most superstitious times. *Purgatorial Societies* are spreading every day; and it is a circumstance which deserves consideration, that were only one fourth of the Irish Catholic population to subscribe a penny a week, (the requisite sum for constituting a member,) the revenue of the Priesthood would be increased by no less a sum than £.215,666 13s. 4d. Miraculous cures are to be heard of both in Ireland and in England; the priests avowedly profess to cure the falling sickness; aye, and Protestants (*proh pudor*) have been known to apply to them. The Catholic party in Ireland venture in some things further than they could do in this country; they still print in their catechisms, the curtailed form of the Ten Commandments, so that the prohibition of image worship contained in the Second Commandment, does not appear; and we are full sure that no cemetery in England contains such a mortuary inscription as the following, copied from a monument lately erected in a graveyard in the city of Cork: ‘Sacred to the memory of the benevolent Edward Molloy, the friend of Humanity and the Father of the Poor. He employed the wealth of this world, only to secure the riches of the next—and leaving a balance of merit in the book of Life, he made heaven a debtor to Mercy.’

Such is the system, which in these countries ‘has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished.’ The favour which is shewn to Popery by those who are indifferent to its nature and

character, has led many to suppose that its spirit has been essentially meliorated by the diffusion of knowledge and the general improvement of the age we live in; the case rather is, however, that the spirit of Protestantism has degenerated. It seems now to be regarded as a violation of decorum, to talk of Popery as our Ushers and Bedels formerly talked. The time is gone by, when opposition to Popery, as an unscriptural religion, was so much the characteristic of the English divines, that a celebrated expounder of prophecy did not hesitate to ascribe to the English Church the office of the Angel who cried: "Come out from among her, my people."

The Work which stands at the head of this article, appeared, the first part of it, in the Glasgow Chronicle, and the remainder, in weekly numbers. The Writer gives the following account of its origin and progress.

'My controversy with the Papists, originated in a paragraph supposed to be written by one of them, in the Glasgow Chronicle, relating to an Oratorio, which had been performed in their chapel for the benefit of the Catholic Schools. A few remarks upon that paragraph, brought forth a reply from *Amicus Veritatis*, and another letter from me, produced a second from a person under the same signature, and one by another papist under the signature of *Pax*. The controversy was continued in the Glasgow Chronicle, until it began to assume a shape, and take an extent of range such as to render it impossible that the Editor of a public Journal could give a place to the discussion with any degree of regularity—I have therefore determined to publish a paper every Saturday.'

This controversy turns much upon the nature of Indulgences, which the Protestant asserts to mean remission of sins, whereas, his opponents maintain, on the authority of the Douay Catechism, that it means only remission of the temporal punishment due for sin, after such sin has been forgiven by the Sacrament of Penance. All history, however, testifies against this interpretation; for it is not possible for any fact of the kind to be more fully established, than that the Church of Rome taught, and that the people believed, that there was an efficacy in the Pope's pardon, to deliver from eternal death; and notwithstanding the evasions and casuistry of the modern advocates for the doctrine of priestly forgiveness, whosoever is acquainted with the habits and modes of thinking prevalent among the Irish Catholics, must know that they are taught to expect, and do expect, deliverance from future punishment, through the pardons they receive. Tetzel's proceedings in Germany were, it is true, condemned, as *Amicus Veritatis* asserts; but they were condemned only because it suited the policy of the Roman Court to disavow him. Had any objections been felt against the doctrines he taught, as contrary to the Gospel, why not condemn the opinions of other individuals, who elsewhere

taught the same doctrines? It is vain to argue, as *Amicus Veritatis* does, that the Bull issued at Cork in 1813, contains 'nothing applicable to the subject in question;' it offers a plenary Indulgence applicable to the souls in Purgatory, and this most undoubtedly must be viewed as an encouragement to sin.

In one of the "Tracts against Popery," this subject is handled more at length. The Writer does not contend that indulgences are a license to commit sin, but he asserts that the priesthood of the Church of Rome claim a power authoritatively to pardon sin; and he proves his assertion by the production of the following documents: 1. Tetzels form of absolution. 2. An extract from the 'Tax of the sacred Roman Chancery.' 3. Statements of the cargo of two Spanish vessels, freighted for South America, one captured in 1709, by Capt Dampier, the other in 1800, by Admiral Harvey, then commanding the Southampton frigate, which in both cases consisted of bales of indulgences rated at various prices. They were sent as a regular article of trade, and when Capt. Harvey sold his prize at Tortola, some Dutch merchants purchased the entire of the indulgences, for £200, with a view of smuggling them into the Spanish settlements. 4. A Bull of Indulgence for a Jubilee Year, by Pope Ganganelli, in 1775. And lastly, the Cork Bull already alluded to. From these documents he concludes, that these sacerdotal pardons are to be paid for; that they are granted through the merits of the Virgin and the Saints; that they are more effectual at Rome than elsewhere, and at jubilee times, than at any other. These two publications present a mass of statements on the subject, which are unanswerable; and accordingly *A. V.* in his reply to the Protestant, contents himself chiefly with asserting that these documents were forged.

*Amicus Veritatis* attempts to retort upon the Protestant Church, the charge of granting indulgences, and supports it by adducing a paragraph from Luther's writings, alleged to contain 'a perpetual indulgence for the commission of adultery in 'certain cases,' [N<sup>o</sup>. 2 and 6.] We have seldom witnessed a more impudent curtailment of a quotation, than that given from Luther's works. It stops short at a word which, in the original, is followed by a comma, as if it were the end of the sentence, thus omitting entirely the subsequent part of the period, which contains Luther's third reason for divorce. It would appear from *A. V.*'s quotation, that he taught that a man might without ceremony take his handmaid and put away his wife; whereas, Luther's doctrine on the subject will be found consistent with the Established Laws. We are further supplied with a copy of Luther's dispensation to the Landgrave of Hesse,

to keep two wives, which is furnished as a set-off to the Papal Bulls. To this the Protestant very properly replies :

‘ I am not answerable for this. If I professed to believe in Luther, if I maintained that he was infallible in doctrine and practice, then, no doubt I should reckon myself bound to defend all his doctrines and all his doings. But I know that Luther was a fallible man like myself: and his authority goes no further with me than that of the Pope. I respect indeed the truths which he maintained against the Church of Rome; and I respect the memory of the man who with so much intrepidity maintained them; but I respect them not as his truths, but as the truths of the Bible.—But suppose I admit (which I am rather inclined to do) that the whole is true, as Bossuet has stated, and as A. V. has quoted it, what then? Why it goes to prove what I maintained in this and my last letter. The Landgrave would not have applied for an indulgence or a dispensation to keep two wives, unless he had known that the Church was in the practice of granting such indulgences.’ [No. 4.]

‘ He (PAX) also defied me to prove that by indulgence is meant remission of sins. Without quibbling about the Popish meaning of the word indulgence, I have proved from a variety of documents, that the Pope and his Bishops claimed and exercised the power of granting the remission of sins, to those who paid them for it. I have proved in the words of a celebrated divine of the Romish church, that of the greatest crimes, there were some that persons might have liberty to commit for money; while absolution for all after they had been committed, might be bought. This fact, and the existence of the book which contained the price of pardon for certain sins, are asserted by Claude D’Espence; and A. V. slurs over this without any remark, while he calls all my other documents forgeries.....PAX, in a parenthesis, gives us a piece of very important information: “ A person in Sin cannot desire the benefit of an Indulgence.” It is well known that Indulgences have been given to thousands. It is then to be understood, that all the persons to whom they were granted were in a state of sinless purity? Certainly; otherwise, according to PAX’s own shewing, the Indulgence was of no use; and those who bought such favours were swindled out of their money. From this plain avowal of the Popish doctrine, we are led to the conclusion that every person to whom an Indulgence is granted, is a sinless person. He was brought into this state by means of the sacrament of penance and the absolution of the Priest; he is taught to believe that the Priest really can grant such absolution, and that there is a virtue in the sacrament of penance fully adequate to cancel all his guilt. Now, suppose it possible, that persons so absolved and purified, are still sinners, notwithstanding the mysterious process which they have undergone,—a supposition by no means irrelevant,—and supposing they should die in this state, they are undone for ever; and the Church has swindled them not only out of their money, but out of their everlasting happiness. It was foretold of this Church, that her traffic would be in the souls of men; and who can tell how many millions of souls she has sold to everlasting perdition?’ [No. 7.]

‘ Speaking of the book which contained the Tax of the Apostolic Chancery, which was put in the list of prohibited books, by the Council of Trent, he (A. V.) says, “no book is prohibited but such as contains doctrines contrary to the tenets of the Catholic faith.” Now, it is a fact that the same Council of Trent put the Bible, as well as the Tax of the Apostolic Chancery, in the list of prohibited books. The Bible, therefore, by A. V.’s own acknowledgement, contains doctrines contrary to the Catholic faith.’ Ibid.

These quotations will furnish a tolerable specimen of ‘The Protestant’s’ talents for controversy, and of his dexterity in turning his opponent’s arguments against himself. The style of the entire publication is sufficiently popular, and it has already met with very general circulation. It has been reprinted in Dublin; and the Sunday school society for Ireland has acknowledged a donation of £21. 18s. as a moiety of the profits accruing from the sale.

The Compiler of the “Tracts” informs us, that they ‘were intended for the instruction of the lower class of Protestants in Ireland, whose ignorance of the real nature and tendency of popery, renders them liable to be perverted by the sophistical arguments of the adherents to the Church of Rome.’ They are sold separately, and subscriptions will be received by the publishers to defray the expenses of gratuitous circulation.’ These Tracts bear the following titles: ‘The Protestant religion no novelty.’ ‘The sacrifice of the Mass compared with the sacrament of the Lord’s Supper.’ ‘The Popish doctrine of Indulgence compared with the Scripture doctrine of the Remission of Sins.’ ‘Prophecies relating to Antichrist.’ ‘The conformity of opinion between the modern Jews and Catholics.’ ‘Tradition.’ ‘Purgatory.’ ‘Latin Prayers not fit for Irishmen.’ ‘The Protestant’s excuse for not worshipping Images.’ ‘Extreme Unction.’

As the consummate ignorance of the Protestants in Ireland, respecting the true character of Popish doctrines, is one chief cause of their being easily perverted by the emissaries of the Church of Rome, we cannot but anticipate good effects from the circulation of these Tracts. We are glad to perceive that every thing of an irritating tendency has been avoided, and that Protestants are cautioned against Popish errors, without being taught to entertain animosity against their countrymen of that persuasion. That these Tracts do not touch upon any subject that has been matter of controversy among Protestants, is, we think, another recommendation of them. It was judicious in the Writer, to confine himself to the general doctrines of the Reformation, when he undertook to exhibit the contradiction which the Church of Rome manifests to the Scriptures. Let us not be misunderstood, as if we conceived that the subjects of

difference between the several Protestant communions, are not as capable of the same advantageous contrast with Popery, as those upon which all are agreed; but we think that in our controversies with the Church of Rome, our minor differences should be forgotten, and our whole force united against the common foe of the religion and liberties of mankind.

The first Tract supplies an answer to the popular question, 'Where was your religion before Luther?' The inquirer is met by the shrewd retort, 'Where was your face before it was washed?' The Writer proceeds to shew that every thing which the Protestant believes, is believed by the Catholic; and both agree that such doctrines are to be found in the Bible; but as the Catholic believes many things in addition to those, which are chiefly founded upon Tradition, when a Protestant turns Catholic, he must believe many things which he did not believe before; while the Catholic, on becoming a Protestant, only rejects certain additional things, and is not taught to believe any thing that he did not hold before. The question then is, Were these doctrines taught by our Lord, and afterwards rejected by Protestants? or, Were they never taught by Him, but afterwards added by Catholics? Upon proof of the latter, he concludes that the Protestant religion is *no novelty*. At the conclusion of the Tract upon Latin Prayers, we have this summary of the argument:

'The Protestants, by having prayers in their own language, prefer and choose, first, the practice of the ancient Christian Church; secondly, true devotion rather than superstition; thirdly, what comforts the soul, rather than an unmeaning and unintelligible ceremony; fourthly, a rational service rather than one that is a mere mockery; fifthly, what affects the understanding rather than what affects only the eye; and lastly, the Protestants prefer and choose to follow the wisdom and spirit of God, rather than the blindness and folly of men: therefore they believe that Latin prayers are unfit for Irishmen.'

As a specimen of what these prayers are, our readers may take the prayer to St. Anne, the Virgin's Mother.

'O great Saint, in honour of God's regarding and exalting thee in His Eternity to those most high and sublime estates of—Mother of the Mother of God, and Grandmother of Jesus Christ, in the state of Grace consummated in the hand of your Grandson and your Lord; in homage of the right and power which you had of Mother over your daughter, and of Grandmother over her son, and of true submission and reverences which they render to thee; we pray, &c.' The book in which this prayer is to be found, received the *imprimatur* and recommendation of the Doctors of the Sorbonne, Paris, July 10, 1643.

Adverting to the fact with which we set out, that Popery is on the increase, we must repeat our conviction that too little has

been done by our divines of all persuasions to check its progress. We wish we could see the controversy revived in all its vigour, which was carried on by the Reformers, before a spirit of division among themselves called off their attention from it: we are well assured that it would be attended with the most desirable results. We should expect (and we believe, without fear of disappointment) that it would be carried on, at least on the part of Protestants, in an amicable and conciliatory manner, "not bringing railing accusation;" and were our opponents not to follow the example, their violence would be doubly injurious to their cause. The diffusion of knowledge would render it impossible for any priest openly to defend many of the doctrines of Popery; and though the common people may not clearly understand these doctrines now, yet, were they fairly laid before them, their common sense would lead them at least to despise the sophistry by which alone they could be palliated or defended. We see something, among the priests themselves, like a consciousness of the effects of light breaking in upon the people. Some of them encourage education and the reading of the Scriptures, and many (even of their heads) have borne public testimony against several practical abominations which were charged upon them by Protestants. If we can but succeed in calling the attention of the Catholics to the principles of their own Church, our object is attained: we have no doubt about the eventual result.

Art. V. *Maurice and Berghetta*: or the Priest of Rahery. A Tale. 12mo. pp. 356. Price 7s. 1819.

WE must find all the fault we can with the Author of this Tale, at the outset; for our readers will have but little patience to hear our remarks, when they have once entered upon the narrative itself. With his design we do not find fault. It has been his object 'to fix and embody' in the imaginary character of an Irish priest, 'national and professional features' which we are happy to believe have a real existence in many a living original, and 'to place such observations on the manners of the Irish peasantry, as have occurred to him, in a less formal shape than that of a regular dissertation.' The eminent opportunities which the distinguished individual to whose pen this little volume is attributed\*, has had for collecting such observations, and the deference due to his opinions, would lead us to receive, with no ordinary degree of attention, the result of his reflection and experience, though presented in the somewhat equivocal form of fiction; and it is impossible not to be highly interested in the portrait which the Author has drawn, he assures

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us from nature, of an Irish peasant, in the character of Maurice. We respect in the highest degree the motives which have induced a Protestant writer to take this method of doing 'his best to reconcile differences' between the two hostile classes, into which he finds his fellow-countrymen around him unhappily divided. But still, we must protest against the compromise of Protestant and of Christian principle, which appears to us to be involved in the terms in which he addresses himself in the dedication to 'the Catholic Priesthood of Ireland.' We trust we are not in any danger of being ranked among those 'who value 'the Church more than the Gospel.' It is a fatal error, which has done more to prejudice the cause of pure Christianity, than all the heresies in the Romish catalogue. But we could never bring ourselves to speak of the differences between Protestants and Romanists, as having been 'exalted into disproportionate 'importance by controversy,' or deceive ourselves with thinking that the time will come when they 'will be as little regarded as 'the differences respecting meats which divided the Church in 'its early ages.' We could subscribe to such an opinion, if applied to points of mere ritual and discipline. But after the statements in the preceding Article, relative to the idolatrous and antinomian corruptions which still constitute the very essence of the system we term Popery, our readers will not be able to peruse without extreme astonishment so incautious an admission on the part of a professed Protestant. If all priests were like the Priest of Rahery, we grant that the time would appear to be approaching, when the members of the two communions might take their stand together upon 'the great foundation principles' of Christianity. And far be it from us to doubt that within the pale of the Romish Church there are thousands who "have not defiled their garments;" men whose devout minds and holy lives must shame the professors of a more Scriptural faith. Although Popery, as a system, must be viewed as completely nullifying the doctrines and counteracting the tendency of the Gospel, yet, as held by individuals, it has no such fatal operation, and it must never be forgotten that there is truth enough, essential truth, enveloped in the concretion of errors under which it is concealed, not merely to neutralize the poisonous ingredients of the compound, but, when it combines in the minds of individuals with a sincere faith, to effect the renovation of the character. The virus is in these cases held suspended in the form of passive notions, and never passes into the moral circulation. Nor is it to be wondered at, that while the grand truths of the Reformation can, on the one hand, be held by Protestants, without any practical influence answering to their native tendency, the errors of Popery should, on the other hand, sometimes lie dormant in the mind of professed Catholics,

for want, in like manner, of being heartily believed, though they are formally assented to. In either case, the impotency of mere speculation is attested, but no obscurity is thrown on the nature of the principles which are thus held in inactivity. The disadvantage under which the pious Romanist labours, in comparison with the Protestant, is this, that in order to be a Christian, he must be half, or three parts an infidel; he must practically disbelieve three fourths of the creed which his Church has imposed, and take up with the small part of it which he finds in the Scriptures. And how delicate is the crisis of his faith, when, in the process of disengaging his feelings from the thralldom of those parasitical notions which have entwined about the principles of Christianity, he arrives at the point at which doubt becomes disobedience, and unbelief, perilous! But disadvantageous as is such a predicament, it is far more hopeful than that in which the more enlightened Protestant is placed, who has received into his mind the whole truth in its unadulterated purity, without having the faculty of devout belief once called into exercise; who finds nothing in the entire assemblage of doctrines of which he can rationally doubt, but who, by a paralysis of the affections, is unsusceptible of the general influence of that conviction. Can we be surprised if, on witnessing the ingenuous reception of an erroneous creed, attended by 'the warmth, the sincerity, and the benevolence of religion,' and the profession of Protestantism accompanied with neither the holiness nor the consolations of the Gospel, the looker-on should, like our Author, fall into a mistake with regard to the matters of difference between the respective parties, or that he should even look with complacency on the errors of the men whose faith he may be led to envy?

But it is a mistake, and, if it proceeds, as too often it does proceed, from a latitudinarian indifference to these distinctions as mere geographical vanities of national character, it is a fundamental mistake, to speak of Popery as in itself of innocuous or of beneficial tendency. To maintain this in opposition to the testimony of all history, and in the face of the existing fact of the present moral condition of neighbouring nations, involves a degree of temerity which it is difficult to reconcile with a respect for the understanding of the individual, who could in the British Senate take his stand upon so baseless an argument. Yes: we have been told by a Noble Peer, as one reason for abolishing all restrictive statutes against the Roman Catholics, that there have been very good men in that communion, and that a system cannot be bad which admits of such men being found among its abettors; an argument which would certainly be of equal service to any future apologist for the faithful servants of the Prophet of Mecca. It is a most unhappy circumstance that

the political question of Catholic Emancipation cannot be agitated, without, as by a sort of fatality, throwing into distortion the opinions of the opponent parties; without betraying the one side into the service of infidelity, or of error, and driving the other to assume the language and the attitude of intolerance. Is it not possible to feel at once that the Irish are our brethren, and that Rome is, and ever must be, our enemy? It would, in our minds, present as forcible an argument as could possibly be used in favour of abolishing all the laws which distinguish between the political condition of Catholics and Protestants, that such a measure would clear the ground for bringing the combined efforts of Protestants in this country, to bear more directly and more effectively upon the demolition of Popery itself, by all the moral means which alone can be legitimately employed in the warfare.

Our Author's Preface contains statements which cannot fail to excite the strongest emotions of interest in favour of the much injured country whose cause he advocates. He complains with justice of the flippant mis-application of certain maxims of political economy, which belong to the pernicious class of *half-truths*, in reference to the depressed state of the suffering population; and after adverting to the horrible distresses of 1817, arising from the joint effects of fever and famine, he adds:

'But these evils, it is to be hoped, are temporary. The ponderous mischief that constantly weighs down Ireland, exists in the laws which injuriously distinguish Catholics from Protestants. These, by giving the Protestants a factitious pre-eminence, have rendered them ostentatious, extravagant, expensive beyond their means, and by a certain consequence, corrupted and dependent on government. These, by violently depressing the Catholics, have degraded what may be considered as the public mind and character of Ireland.— Suppressing all demand for the public activity and intelligence of this prominent part of the nation, they have struck at the very existence of these qualities, while they have nearly annihilated all public honour and honesty, by making them essential in Protestants, and of no avail in Catholics.'

In order to give its full weight to this striking representation, it is necessary however to be satisfied, not only that the fact answers to it, to an extent commensurate with the general terms of the proposition, but that the cause assigned is the adequate and the only one to which the phenomena are referrible. Few persons, we imagine, will feel convinced that no share in this demoralizing process has been contributed by the Roman Catholic system itself, when, in countries in which it is dormant, and where the predicament is reversed with regard to that description of religionists who in Ireland enjoy the ascendancy, the same degradation of the public mind and character is as-

hibited as the genuine effect of an imbecile, intolerant superstition. That the bad effect of Popery is aggravated by laws which tend to deprive Protestantism of all its counteractive efficacy on society, while they impart at the same time to the Roman Catholic body the vigorous compactness and re-active force of a depressed sect, it requires but little pains to demonstrate. We repeat that we can have no doubt of the injurious operation of those laws, and the only question with us, is the safety of their repeal under the complicated circumstances of a foreign government, identified, too, with a Protestant hierarchy. No one who calls to recollection how the Reformation was introduced into Ireland, can be astonished that in the minds of the lower classes the idea of heretic, and of usurper, should be closely associated. At this moment, in the vernacular idiom of the lower Irish, the one word which serves to denote a Protestant, an Englishman, and an enemy, is—*Saxon*. This is not the only instance in history, in which a false religion has avenged itself for the wrongs perpetrated on its votaries, by the boastful adherents to what claims to be considered as the true, by feeding, and perpetuating, and consecrating the implacable sense of injury originating in political aggression. The haughty Highlander nourishes his contempt for the intrusive ‘weavers’ of the border towns, by the same mingled feelings of religious and political jealousy. We wish we could think, that the repeal of the laws which exclude the Catholics of Ireland from the common rights of civil society, would have the effect of obliterating in any degree these baneful distinctions from the minds of the population; but the unhappy policy which has burdened the country with a Church Establishment, alien from the principles and the affections of by far the greater mass of the people, and rescued from contempt, only by the secular prerogatives with which it is invested,—an Establishment which, so far from retaining its hold upon its own subjects, is doomed to see the children of mixed marriages flock, in a large majority of instances, to the mass-house, and which would be almost unknown to the generality, but for the *tithes*,—the policy which has imposed this system of things upon a conquered and still foreign country like Ireland, has provided a source of jealousy and danger which the repeal of the invidious statutes will not avail to remove.

There are some other remarks of our Author in the Dedication, on which we should be disposed to comment, were we not sensible that we are trespassing on the patience of our readers. Confidently anticipating the abolition of the privations to which the Catholic Priesthood of Ireland have, he says, been exposed, he tells them that the character of the Romish clergy will soon come to ‘partake more of that of the upper orders of society;’

‘yet, perhaps,’ he adds, ‘it will be intrinsically less amiable than that of the age which the following pages represent.’

‘You have hitherto remained in peaceful and useful obscurity, safe from the contamination of the Castle and the Vatican; and it would be difficult to say in which of these petty courts, the foulest traffic to corrupt the purity of individual principle has been carried on. But now you have acquired sufficient value to be worth being purchased; nor can your Church hope to escape the certain contamination of influence, but in the measure of the domestic nomination of your hierarchy. This principle, happily begun, must raise your Church to an eminence of piety and talent far beyond that of the Protestant or any other Church, *where the interest of politicians is allowed to influence the choice of the chief servants of religion.*’

Most assuredly, any degree of political favour would be dearly purchased by any religious denomination, at the price of surrendering the nomination of its pastors to secular patrons. Upon this important point, we are happy to notice the coincidence of our Author’s opinions with our own old-fashioned prejudices as Dissenters.

Before we introduce our readers to Maurice and Berghetta, we must make one more extract from the Preface. It contains some very sensible remarks discriminative of the difference of national character between the English and the Irish, which will enable our readers to enter more fully into the spirit of the Priest of Rahery’s Tale.

‘Perhaps it will not be difficult to account for the conversational wit, intelligence, and suavity of manner, which the Irish possess in a superior degree to the English peasantry.

‘The English peasantry may be pretty generally considered as a domestic race of people—they have the virtues of domestic habits, and the defects, if they may be called so, of a want of vivacity and conversation.

‘On the whole their character is well adapted to their station of life, and they are pretty much what one would wish a religious and industrious peasantry to be.

‘On the contrary, the habits of the Irish peasantry are all anti-domestic; they miss no opportunity of being in society, and these perpetually occur; hence the habit of conversation and art of manners are familiar to them.

‘Irish merry meetings of the lower ranks, though they may differ in the polish of the detail, have the same general effects as the more fashionable assemblies of the higher ranks; funerals, wakes, and Saints’ days, though they have duty for their pretence, are all a species of route; and when to these fairs, markets, races, occasional parties for a fight, hurling, or football match, and several night dances, and card assemblies in each parish are added, and all eagerly attended, it may easily be conceived, that an Irish peasant is rather more sociable and polished than befits his station.

‘The causes which lead to this disturbance, as it must be considered in the order of society, appear to be principally these.

‘1st.—That landlords in Ireland generally throw upon the tenants the business of building, while the leases they give, fall short of the length which a building lease ought to be. The peasantry have generally to build their own houses, and being either possessed of no capital, or naturally unwilling to lay out any that they have to the reversionary profit of the landlord, they build houses of the most wretched description usually of mud with clay floors, too often without windows and chimneys. It is impossible, that domestic habits should be formed in these horrid habitations, and the natural result is, that the whole family feel happier any where than at home.

‘2d.—Being generally illiterate, or at best possessing no books, they have no means of amusement at home during the long winter evenings; and as a substitute assemble either at a neighbour’s house, or a dancing house, where the conversation and amusement are of a very questionable description. The establishment of lending libraries in Ireland has already been found to check this evil.

‘3d.—As individuals, the Irish peasantry have been degraded and oppressed, and they are not connected in any manner with the civil business of the country, an evil that is aggravated by their exclusion from vestries.

‘An Irishman of the lower orders, individually, is dejected, timid, and spiritless; it is only in combinations and social confederacies that he feels himself a man, and that his natural energy and vivacity display themselves.

‘This seems to be the principal cause of the uncommon avidity with which the lower orders in Ireland seize every pretence and opportunity for assembling together, and also for their proneness to every kind of illegal combination: legally, they have no opportunity of escaping from their individual insignificance; in these, at least, they find that they are of sufficient importance, to make themselves feared.

‘And yet the tendency of all modern legislation, that concerns Ireland, is to render this exclusion of the lower orders from all participation in civil affairs more strict, and their separation from the higher orders more marked!

‘The peasantry in Ireland, compared with the same class in England, are distinguished by a very striking superiority in benevolence and charity. That they have long been a suffering race, may partly account for their compassionate temper and generosity. Virtues, like grosser commodities, generally exist in proportion to the demand for them; and in no country has suffering humanity presented a more importunate claim for mutual commiseration and assistance than in Ireland. But the difference, in its extreme degree, we should ascribe principally to the operation of the poor laws in the one country, and the absence of all legal provision for the poor in the other. It is evident, that, where the domestic and neighbourly affections in the one country are seldom called into exertion, they will exist in a very torpid degree—and where in the other country the

remedy for all the casual evils of life is sought for only in their exertion, they will be in the same degree abundant and energetic! pp. xxxv—xlii.

We are glad to have got to the Tale itself, but when an Author writes a long preface, it is doubtless with the wish that it should be read; and as this is precisely that part of a book which stands the worst chance of engaging the attention of a casual reader, we have wished to deserve the Author's thanks, by pointing out the important matter for discussion which it contains. The Tale begins thus:

‘I am priest of the Island of Rahery. I shall soon follow the good and beloved that I baptized and buried, for my heart is not at home in this world, praise be to God. Yet while it is his good will that I should live in clay, let me still be enacting, if nothing for his glory, sinner that I am, something for his service.

‘Shall I not be called to account at the great harvest, what good seed I have sown, what full ears I have to show? there will be confusion for my own sins, and burning blushes for yours; sons and daughters mine!

‘How may I insense you with that wisdom, which is like coals of fire upon the lips of the old, and which burns under the snows of age? My voice is grown weak and has a silly sound, and therefore you do not heed my exhortations. You see me about to die, and you already look upon my jurisdiction as a fire-side chronicle. The young will never be persuaded by the aged, or the foolish by the wise, but the living will condescend to learn from the dead, for them they neither envy nor hate. The memory of the good multiplies into virtues, and the moral fruits of succeeding ages derive their nutriment from the ashes of the past.

‘—You all knew Moriertagh O’Neal and Berghetta his wife: are you not the better for their having lived amongst you? and can I give your children a greater blessing than by setting before their eyes an exemplification of such industrious and sainted lives?’

We should be regulated very much by the effect of this simple exordium on the reader's mind, in advising him whether, or not, to proceed with the narrative: at least, before we committed ourselves by retracing it in his company, we should like to watch his eye while listening to these first accents of the venerable priest; because, as we proceed, we shall come to many a passage, the effect of which upon our own feelings, was irresistible by its touching simplicity and force of character, but the precise merit of which we should find ourselves at a loss to render intelligible to those who had not themselves detected it. Throughout the tale, it was the voice of the Priest of Rahery that we seemed to be listening to, and in some of the sentences the old man's tone as we fancied it, or something in the cadence of the sentence, struck upon our hearts, like the music of bells, or the choral voices of children, which some persons cannot

hear without a certain choking sensation at the bottom of the throat, and a fullness about the eyes, which it costs an effort to get rid of. We are by no means sure that the volume has all the merit which it appeared to us to possess, but when we closed it, it was with an impression of contemplative melancholy which it is a luxury to feel, and critics as we are, we could almost have wished to have written it.

Maurice is a descendant of the ancient house of O'Neal. Of all the posterity of his family, nothing remains as his possession but a beautiful old pedigree written in gold on vellum, a mud cabin, and a score of acres of hungry ground. His father, David O'Neal, owed his death to the prescription of an old crone who dealt in charms, and drugs, and simples. His complaint, the erysipelas, was driven in on his brain, and he died raving.

"I never saw any thing so moving as the grief of his darling children, while the poor wife sat like one amazed. But there was no want of stir where Mrs. M'Cormick was, and now she would dole out a scrap of consolation to the widow, and now give fifty directions for the waking of the body. I knew that it was no use to oppose this pagan rite, neither had Mrs. M'Cormick lost any of her predominance by the failure of her prescription; his time was come, and that being the case, a saint would have failed to cure him; so I took my departure, grieving much for the widow and orphans.

The next morning I saw one of their neighbours standing before my window.

"What news?" said I.

"Please your reverence, I made bold to step over and ask your reverence's interposition to save something for the desolate orphans, for Rose M'Cormick insists there must be another wake to-night, though the dead body's friends are considerate and to a man against it; otherwise there will not be a copper left for the childers maintenance."

"Another wake!" cried I, "sure the woman's beside herself, did ever any one hear, even in this island of superstition,—of a dead body being waked twice?"

"Oh your reverence is out," rejoined the man, "sure you have not heard, then, that the wife, Peggy O'Neal, died this morning."

"Ah, well-a-day!" cried I, "how's that?"

"Sure, there was an inhuman noise all last night, and the cratur was almost distract, she wrung her hands piteously; but Rose M'Cormick said, it would get up her spirits to keep her with us while the gambols were going on, and, indeed, where else could she go? the spare room was full of horses, the stable being but small; but it was all one, she regarded none of our plays and the like, but kept her eyes full on the corpse, lying laid out in the room all the while; and early this morning, just before we parted, whether the noise was too much for her, being a delicate one always, or being kept too long from her natural rest having tended the sick so many nights before,

or it might be pure grief, her heart burst, and she died with but one groan."

"I sent by this man a message to the big woman, that a public wake might be dispensed with, and only herself and a neighbour or two to watch at night, that something might be saved for the orphans. —What was her answer?—"Heavens send that Father O'Brien is not a worse Catholic for his foreign breeding: but let that be as it will, it shall never be said that this poor dead thing, born a M'Cormick, and married to an O'Neal, shall be buried without a wake, and that a decent one too."—So refractory was she grown, in the conceit of her old customs and superstitions.

"Well, I buried the two, and a great funeral Mrs. M'Cormick made of it; proud enough she was, and looked as if she was drunk; and nothing particular if she was, for there were two thousand people there, men and women, and not one but was drunk or noisy. "Better," thought I, "my friends, if you had staid at home, and minded your industry." But the Irish are full of ostentation, and mighty fond of being wherever there is a crowd, and then they flatter themselves withal, that this is being vastly good Christians. But I said nothing, for I knew they looked on me in the light of half a foreigner.' pp. 16—20.

The old priest, immediately after this, was ordered by his superiors to dwell in the Island of Rahery, and a year passed away, during which he heard nothing of David O'Neal's orphans, except what he could gather from Rose M'Cormick's angry invectives against the boy for refusing to let his sister go with her, and locking the door with her on the outside. This year was to the priest 'the most important' of his life, for attending a sick creature, he was surprised to find a number of well-bound books in his house.

"They had belonged to a traveller, who had come to see the Giant's Causeway, passed over into Rahery to shoot gulls and sea parrots, overheated himself, and died of a pleurisy.

"I borrowed some of them, they were all religious, and, though written by Protestants, yet having no heretical matter, and treating only on the main principles common to both churches, they made so deep an impression on me by convincing me that I had no religion in my heart, that my thoughts became one continual prayer to the Great God, that he would change my vain worldly selfish hard and proud temper into a tender and pious one—You my dear flock must judge from my conduct if my prayers were heard—The first proof of a change was setting out for the main land with a resolution to bring David O'Neal's orphans home to me."

"When I got to the house, I concluded the poor things had been forced to give it up to some new possessor, more the pity when it had been so long in the family, for the house was new thatched and white washed, and a very pretty garden with flowers and cabbages in it, things unseen before on the headland of Bengore."

"As I approached, a young lass came out so tidy and genteel withal, that I could scarce recognise her for O'Neal's daughter, Una."

“My pretty one,” said I, “I am glad to see you in such good case ; then your poor father left more behind him than was supposed.”

“Indeed he did not Sir,” she replied, “we were poor enough at first, but Maurice is such a good manager, that he has brought every thing about, and we are now comfortable and decent without being obliged to any one.”

“Maurice,” exclaimed I, “why the boy is but a child! what could he do?”

“What can he not do?” replied Una, with a proudish look that became her well: “but will not your Reverence walk in, and I will go for Maurice to the field, for he never returns from the time he goes out to his work.”

“No don’t go yet,” said I, when I was seated, “for this all seems very amazing, and I want to ask you a question or two more. The house is staunch and clean, more so than ever I saw it in its best of days; you are tidy and smart too, and a garden into the bargain, and yet I cannot conceive, for the life of me, how the lad could even crop or stock his land.”

“O, he found a good tenant, and set the land the first thing he did, for he said the value of the time lost on the ground, without money to do things as they ought to be done, was more than any good that was got out of the ground—and it was better to set the ground and work for wages, and then he should be certain that both the farm and his own labour would pay something.”

“Then what do you do for a cow—what do you do for potatoes?”

“We never eat potatoes.”

“Never eat potatoes, pretty one—then how do you live?”

“Maurice lives on meat and wheaten bread, and drinks nothing but water, unless he takes tea with me in the evening.”

“Meat! tea! wheaten bread! Why how do you pay for it all? I believe your old grand-aunt, Rose M’Cormick, has taught you to dream for gold.”

“I earn two-pence a day by spinning, and Maurice thirteen pence a day by his work. We get good meat for two-pence a pound, and bread for a penny, so after paying the week’s expenses, there is enough to buy clothes, something for charity, and to help a neighbour; and we have a strong box, with two guineas already in it, in case of sickness and accidents; all the rent of the farm will go for some years to pay our grandfather’s debts.”

“My pretty maid,” said I, for I would not interrupt her, “if I did not know the veracity of your family, I should think you were rhodomontading. Maurice earn thirteen pence a day, when the best man in the parish only gets sixpence!”

“Yes; but Maurice works task work, and he is so well fed, he says he is able to work better than many grown up men. Indeed, he says eating meat is the cheapest and best, for besides being able to earn so much more, he can take his cold meat and bread with him, and look for work five miles off; but if he ate potatoes, I should be forced to carry them twice a day through all weathers, which would oblige him to work only near home; besides, I should lose the most of what I earn by spinning, and wear out my shoes and clothes; have to pay

for medicines two or three times a year, from colds; and what he thinks worst of, be in company with all the labourers during their meals, without mentioning the idle tattered girls who carry them their meals; and any how he cannot endure that I should leave the house, unless he is with me. Now he takes his cold meat and bread with him, and asks no more till he comes home to supper."

"God love your brother, child," said I, "I never heard the like before: where is he? for my heart will not be at ease till I see him."

"He is about two miles off, but if your Reverence will have patience the while, I will run and bring him; he will not mind my going alone. when he hears that you are at home, where there has been nothing holy for a long time."

"Run you shall not," said I, "but stay here till I visit a neighbour or two, and by that time your brother will be back; and if you have a wad of straw in any corner, I will sleep here to night, preferable to the best house in the parish."

"Then come and see your bed," said the charming maid, giving me her hand, "many's the envious heart there will be to-night, when it is known the honour we have got; but we will not rejoice the less for that."

She showed me a tidy room and a white bed, that might have served a Cardinal.

"This is my room," said she, "which you shall have, with a pair of sheets of my own spinning."

"And where, love, will you sleep?"

"Oh never mind, I have settled it all just as I know my brother would have it; here you sleep, that's all; I shall sleep in his bed, and he will sleep on the wad of straw by the kitchen fire—but it will go hard with him if he had not a spare bed by another year."

I went my ways, as I said, and though I had a great opinion of the blood of the O'Neals, which in spite of poverty and depression still would speak out in some of its ancient splendour, yet what I had seen and heard surprised me. The girl was grown the handsomest creature I had ever seen, something of the kind I had seen in Spain, her eyes were large, and of a velvet black, with very long eye-lashes, her teeth beautiful and regular, and her cheeks rud-red. She had no brogue or accent, but an ease, jauntiness, and gentility of manner, quite uncommon—and the boy seemed to have all the industry of his forefathers, with more conduct to boot.

I went to rate half a score of my flock, who had been leagued in plundering a wreck, and after dining with one of the most respectable of them, I returned in the evening to O'Neal's tenement.

Maurice was returned from his work, and at the first sight my heart warmed to him; his face and forehead were full of nobleness, and I ceased to be surprised at what his sister told me of the produce of his labour, for he was very large and robust for his age, with a look of great sagacity and graveness, indeed, to describe his countenance once for all, it seemed to feel more and think more than any visage I ever saw.

After I had inquired into his affairs, and found them pretty much as his sister had represented, she made tea for us, and no court

lady could entertain her company with more ease and agreeableness. No, thought I, the stock of the O'Neals will never degenerate, graft it as you will with briars, still it's flowers are roses.' pp. 25—33.

Una had received some instruction, on Sundays, from an English gentlewoman, who had been left by the death of her husband, an officer, so destitute, as to be obliged to open a school. Maurice accepts for himself the Priest's offer to instruct him in the Greek and Latin Writers, and engages to row from the little Bay of Bengore to Rahery every Sunday, after leaving Una at Mrs. Clifford's, and to return on the Monday morning. His progress is as rapid as usually attends upon application with a hearty good-will, and in three years the scholar is as wise as his master. During these three years, he had also been earning and saving money so fast, that it seemed to grow in his hands; 'but in his hands thrift was the fuel of kind deeds.' His first care is to place his sister Una in a safe and honourable situation, as companion to a lady of an old Catholic family, resident in London, which he hears of through Mrs. Clifford. Maurice resolves to accompany her to London, and he sets out furnished with letters of introduction from the Priest of Rahery, addressed to pious ecclesiastics in Dublin and London. 'And here,' says the good Priest, 'I pin to the paper the first letter I ever received from Maurice.'

Maurice's letter, or series of letters, is too long to be extracted. It describes Lady M'Cartney's surprise at Una's appearance and manners, mixed with some incredulity as to the lowliness of her station, till Maurice, perceiving the stress she lays on good birth, exposed to her his family pedigree, which the Priest recommended him to shew to her, upon which she became much interested in Una, and received her as a daughter. It then proceeds to detail, with much simplicity and naiveté, the observations he made on the objects which most arrested his attention in England; especially every thing connected with English agriculture struck him with admiration. He becomes acquainted with a young farmer, the son of a man of large property, who will not believe that Maurice is a common Irish labourer, and that 'that glorious girl' Una is his sister, till Maurice relieves his perplexity by telling him of the former greatness of the O'Neals, and proves his words by offering to thresh or dig a ditch with him. Being satisfied on these points, young Headcroft invites Maurice home to his father's sheep-shearing. 'And oh,' continues our hero, 'what a sight to me was an English farm-house and farm!'

'Every thing within so clean, lightsome, airy, and orderly; all the yards so neatly swept: the garden and shrubbery so trim: the men so decent, the maids so tidy: the ground so well laboured, not a weed—no scutch; gates to every field, hedges too, and all clipped;

and such waggons and carts, and in such profusion, with houses for all, to save them from sun and weather. But oh, the horses! the horses! never shall I forget the first time I saw a waggon and the eight noble animals that drew it. I could have fallen down on my knees to them, as they went by; and indeed, though while I was on foot about the farm, seeing and admiring every thing, I was as gay as the blaze of the sun; yet when we came home in the evening, and there was no conversation like yours, my dear sir, to call one out of oneself, I thought of our miserable carts of garrons, and logs of cars, the naked fields, and all the desolation of the headland of Bengore, I became so sad, that when I was left alone with young John Headcroft, the tears came so fast from my eyes that I could not hide them. He stared at me, but thinking it was because I felt strange among new acquaintance, told me he was like an old acquaintance with me already, and his father and all the rest would be in a day or two. I said that his farm was a darling spot of ground, and I was quite obliged to him for bringing me to it; but when I made him understand what it was that had come across my mind, "Cheer up, my lad," said he, "if that is all, I will bring father's waggons and team over to you, and set all things to rights," and he was quite in earnest; but I who knew how all our self-sufficient boobies would set their heads against any thing new, shook my head, and could not help telling him of our Sir Phelimy French, who brought over an English waggon and horses, but forgot to bring a driver, and when he ordered it out, it came round with eight drivers, one to every horse, and the horses not knowing what was meant by *hup* and *hough*, and the drivers as little understanding what they called the humours of the waggon, it was overturned into the ha-ha, pronounced a folly, and left to rot, no office being large enough to hold it. Young Headcroft roared with laughter at this account, but said he would bring the waggon and team notwithstanding, and put on his smock frock and drive it himself.' pp. 49—51.

'With us labour is called slavery; here they have a pride in it, and young Headcroft told me, that he should not be able to hold up his head, if he was not able to mow, reap, thresh, drive a waggon, and do every thing else better than the other lads. At first I own I neither liked young Headcroft, nor any of his family, they seemed so little agreeable; but they improved every day, and when I began to reflect on all the vicious and pernicious qualities of our "hail fellow, well met, and lively boys," I was obliged to give the preference to the homely English. What will Merritt M'Cormick think of the young fellows here, when he hears that they do not know how to dance? and yet, when I saw them in their clean white smock frocks, sitting quietly in the farm kitchen on Sunday, and listening to old Mr. Headcroft reading the Bible, or reading some religious book themselves, I wished that I could be sure that Merritt was at the same time as well employed. Yet there certainly are great faults in the character of this people, for they were striking in all of them. They are always thinking of themselves, and eat up with conceit and selfishness. They either pride themselves in a coarse unfeelingness, or fall into an affectation of humanity, which equally proves them des-

state of all heart and nature. I heard of and observed instances of extreme obduracy between the nearest connections, which were shocking. Even aunt M'Cormick, beast as she is, would share her last meal with a cousin, and would never say an uncivil word to a stranger. They are also great vaunters, and when they do talk, every thing they say is with an air, but clumsily concealed, of exalting themselves, or something belonging to them. The same selfishness makes them gluttons both in meat and drink; all their farming merits and virtues, which are without end, seem to have no other object but the gratification of this gross sensuality. And the only displeasing object you see about the farm is the possessor, who, at a middle age, is literally crammed with ale and meat; and is swollen into an enormous disproportion of flesh, to which I never saw any thing similar in Ireland. It is the strangest shape! a pig, when he gets fat, fattens at all points, and still keeps a certain symmetry; but an English farmer flattens down as he gets bloated, and if it was not for the immense number of these shapes that you see, who keep each other in countenance, I should think that they would be ashamed to appear abroad. These people too have no look, language, or manner, that expresses affection, but they are great critics of proprieties; and I found from young Headcroft, that the unguardedness of my Irish manners had led me into a great many offences against what they considered good breeding. All their conversation too consists in common-place observations, which extreme inanity seems to arise as much from the coldness of their hearts as from the poverty of their imaginations. Yet notwithstanding these great deficiencies in manners and character, in point of conduct, and the virtues of their station, they far exceed us. I was surprised at the difference between an English and an Irish fair: at the latter, every species of the grossest fraud is practised; and a man can scarcely do business to any extent, from the perpetual wrangles he is gaged in to avoid imposition: but in an English fair, words are binding oaths, and business passes on quietly and speedily. Another great and pure feature they possess, which it grieves my heart to know how sadly we want,—their women never drink. Almost every vice of our character I could confess here, but I should have died with shame to have allowed this. As I found that to work well was the only thing that gave a man credit here, I set out with the mowers,—as you know that I am reckoned a first-rate hand among ourselves; but I soon found that I had need of all my Irish indifference to success, to keep me in countenance; for though I made twice the efforts of my companions, I could but just keep up with them; and while they cut close, and even without distressing themselves, my mowing, with all my exertions, was execrable; being used to our straight handled scythes, I stooped too low, and did not understand the set of mine; so that I was the derision of the whole field. At last one of them, better natured than the rest, said, "Lord love thee, lad, thou wilt kill thyself, and break thy back at this fashion; what queer sort of a tool hast thou been used to cut with?" So, desiring me to stand more upright, and setting my scythe not quite so flat, I found that I could mow with much more ease than

ever I had done before, and before I left the field, they all pronounced that I promised well.

‘ In the evening I had my revenge ; for while the men were boasting after their fashion of their feats of activity and strength, I took up half a hundred weight, and challenged them to try who would throw it the farthest. I threw it a few steps ; all the men tried again and again, but could not throw so far. Young Headcroft strained with all his might, but fell far short : and after several attempts, each being less successful than the first, he grew peevish and angry. I again took the weight, and exerting myself for the honour of my country, if honour it can be called, with that peculiar spring of the whole body from the ground, which you, dear sir, have seen on many a market day, I flung the weight three times as far as I had done at first. They all seemed astonished, and would try no more : but young Headcroft said it was all a trick, he was sure. “ No trick at all,” I replied, “ but only practice : what made you mow better than I this morning makes me fling a weight better than you this evening.” However, he was so much put out of his way by being outdone, even in so trifling a matter, that it was not till I had put myself under his tuition again, and he had an opportunity of showing his superiority in many ways, that he recovered his temper.’ pp. 54—61.

In another English family, to which accident introduces him, Maurice meets with a far more favourable specimen of the English character.

‘ I wish,’ he says, ‘ I could scratch out all I have said against the English, for this family of the Mapletons convinces me, that we have nothing half so good in Ireland, and I believe there are many, many such in England ; but quiet, virtuous people are little noticed. Here good people seem contented to be known only to God ; but in Ireland the best must converse, and walk about and smoke tobacco.’

When Maurice came away, ‘ the Headcrofts wished him ‘ good bye, that was all ;’ not one of them gave him a shake of the hand, only young Headcroft ‘ looked disconcerted.’ Young Mapleton, too, who followed him to town with a present of a large cheese, ‘ would have parted with a leaden good bye,’ but ‘ Maurice knowing his nature, shook both his hands, then he ‘ wept out, and if it had not been for duty to his parents would ‘ have followed Maurice to Ireland.’ These are traits of homely English nature worth being delineated.

On his return, Maurice turns to good account the result of his observations. He immediately looks out for task-work, and earning much and spending little, he begins to grow rich, and has leisure to while away the Christmas holidays, under the thatch of the good Priest of Rahery.

‘ I had a dear friend, the friend of my prime time, a real prince, Hi Sullivan Bere : he was directly descended from the great Hi Sullivan Bere, who fell with the fall of his country. His descendant in

the reign of Carolus secundus recovered a good share of the property, from the negligence of the undertakers, who resided abroad in England, and the family lived in great splendour and hospitality, with every knee bent to them in the castle, on the rocks of Berehaven. This Hi Sullivan Bere was my foster brother; and this tie, esteemed so binding in Ireland, neither age, nor absence, would entirely break, but regularly every new year's day, we exchanged letters of inquiry and good wishes. In all his letters he spoke to me of his son, and I in return boasted of mine, for so now I called and felt that Maurice was. It was sufficient for him to know, that Maurice was the head of the house of O'Neal, to respect and wish to see him; his being a day-labourer only appeared an accident in the eyes of one always talking with old times: he did not the less esteem him a high-born Milesian prince. I determined to send Maurice there, because I knew he was secure of the respect of the old chieftain, and I thought he could not fail of the friendship of the young one; and so in the event it proved.

Accordingly, in the month of May, after Maurice had sown his land, and when he could best be spared, the Priest, having desired the neighbours to keep his house and land safe from harm, despatches him with a letter, and a superb Spanish colt, as a present to Hi Sullivan, to the castle of Berehaven. The night before he departs, Maurice confides to his venerable friend, that he loved. "And whom?" says the Priest. "Berghetta Tual," is the reply. "God be thanked, you have chosen well, but she is quite a child." "She will not be," replied Maurice smiling, "by the time we marry."

Maurice's letter from the Castle, gives a picturesque description of the establishment of an Irish chieftain.

"My head is turned, dear father, but not by the magnificence of this place, though that is sufficiently amazing. The castle itself, with its woods and mountains, and the great sea breaking on its rocks, is awful indeed. As soon as I appeared in sight a horn sounded from the castle; would you credit it, that the great Hi Sullivan Bere should receive a day-labourer thus? I was led through a double row of followers, that extended from the entrance to the hall, where Hi Sullivan Bere himself was, who, as soon as he saw me, rose and embraced me, and kissed my forehead. It was no wonder that I stood abashed before him. The grandeur of the hall, the crowd that gazed on me, the magnificence of his dress, which seemed covered with jewels, but still more his gigantic figure and commanding air confused me; nor did the great attention with which he treated me much restore me.

"O'Neal," said he, "I should call you prince, king, but that no title, not even that of an emperor, can add honour to the name of O'Neal. You are the O'Neal, the last honoured representative of a race of kings and warriors, whose origin is lost only in the clouds of time. On this spot your forefathers, and my forefathers fought."

together, and the marble pavement of the chapel is still discoloured with the blood of the O'Neals and Sullivans."

' He shewed me all the state rooms of the castle, which were hung with the finest tapestry and velvet, though rather decayed; paintings of his ancestors, and curious suits of burnished armour. He gave me the history of each hero to whom they belonged, to which I listened with a pleasure I had never known before.

' At dinner (he dined early) there were gentlemen, his near relations, and some neighbouring gentlemen, every one of whom dined standing in his presence, and I alone was seated at his table. After dinner the harper entered, and played and sung a song to the glory of the O'Neals, and to their misfortunes. I could not but blush at the beginning, but the conclusion was so pathetic, and the music so moving, that struggle as I would, I could not prevent the tears rolling from my eyes.

' Yet all this distinction did not for a moment make me forget myself, I knew my real station too well; but that is not the case now, nor will you be surprized when I tell you the pains, that the young Tanist, James Hi Sullivan Bere, has taken to turn my head. I was soon beginning to tire of the castle, for I was no company for the prince, who, though the best natured and most eloquent man alive, took no pleasure in books, or in improvements, or in any thing else that I could perceive, except stalking. He loves nothing but antique Irish customs, which seem to me to be the brood of folly and idleness, and he is rather too partial to tobacco and whiskey: but among his followers it was worse; they did nothing but lean along the walls on a wet day, or bask in the sun on a dry day, and when they gathered at meals, or at night, their conversation, though always witty, was seldom better than gross.—Then outside the castle the whole country was sad. All the clan despised industry; there were no fences or corn fields, but the whole country overrun with goats, old horses, starved milch-cows, and mangy sheep. Here too one could never be alone, for all the herds clustered round you, from miles around, to see who you were, and ask the news. I had no refuge but the sea shore, where an O'Sullivan was never found, for they looked on the sea as an element fit only for Englishmen and smugglers, and they even disdained to catch the fine fish that frequented their coast. I was walking on the fourth evening, and wondering that they did not gather the sea weed for manure, when I saw the bare-footed boy from the castle running past.

' "And where are you and the wind going, Rory?"

' "To take the skiff and fetch the young Tanist from on board, don't you see the yellow flag on that ship's head. That's he just returned from France, after leaving the old gentleman, his tutor, safe at home."

' "Then you had better take me with you, Rory, for I know my way over the waves better than you." ' pp. 97—101.

The boat is upset through Rory's ignorance of the coast, and Maurice with difficulty saves O'Sullivan and the boy from being drowned. O'Sullivan, being deceived by Maurice's

accent, is at first distressed at the idea of being so deeply indebted to an Englishman, but his joy is great at recognising in him the O'Neal whom his father had talked about, and a lasting friendship is formed between our hero and the young Tanist, who soon after comes to pay a visit to good father O'Brien.

Every Saturday, Maurice put his earnings into Berghetta's hands; 'while she still, with a gentle, apprehensive look, would say, "I fear Maurice that you work too hard."' At length, they are all intent on coming happiness, Maurice and Berghetta, and her widowed mother, and father O'Brien, when the news is brought by some travelling mendicants, that the claim set up to the Berehaven estate by the heir of the original undertaker, had been established, and that Hi Sullivan Bere, driven from his castle and possessions, had expired not long after at a tenant's house. Maurice's friendship is soon put to a severe test. One hundred pounds would procure for James Hi Sullivan, a commission in the French service.

'Maurice was the next day more downcast than his friend, yet though I guessed pretty nearly what was passing in his mind, I left him to himself.—In the evening, however, he came to me with his eyes laughing as usual, and cried, "O Father, you do not know what a grievous perplexity I have been in to day, and all because I doubted that Berghetta was perfect."

"Was it not natural, the instant I heard that our dear friend wanted a hundred pounds, that I should destine my savings for him? what delight I felt at the idea of being able to assist him! and he so little expecting that I was able to do so: but then, this was to sacrifice Berghetta, and bring her destitute into all the cares of a growing family, a thing I had determined never to do. I considered this over and over again, till my head ached: at last I thought of doing what I ought to have done at first, consulting with Berghetta.—Hear her angel-reply.

"How can you hesitate for a moment, Maurice, even though our wedding is delayed, or should never take place? we are placed here to perform our duties; when does God ever tell us to consult our wishes? how miserable shall we be, if we set our hearts only on happiness? Misfortunes will certainly come, and then we should not have a good conscience to support us. But do not," continued she, "let the sacrifice be made to your friend, but to God," and kneeling down, she drew me to her side, and uttered aloud an innocent prayer, "that God would give me every day fresh resolution to abandon the allurements of the world, and to draw me nearer to Heaven." ' pp. 138—139.

At last, Maurice is rewarded, and if ever he 'felt conscious of 'royal blood in his veins, it was now, when the possession of 'Berghetta seemed to place him in a prosperity above kings.' Rory, who has faithfully devoted himself to James Hi Sullivan

in his reverse of fortune, exhibits his dexterity as a serving man at the wedding.

'Our jest was now to convict Rory of a surpassing admiration of Berrett; his eyes were scarcely ever off her, and whenever she spoke, he listened with his lips wide apart, and when she ceased, he would recover himself with a deep drawn sigh. He had never seen any thing like her in female kind; the gentleness and distinctness of her utterance, the sweetness of her voice, and the simple wisdom of all she said, captivated his regards; but when he became acquainted with the piety, which was dominant over all her feelings, he regarded her as a saint. Then she would sing for him the old Irish songs her father had brought from the Wicklow mountains, which tallied with many that Rory had learnt in Connaught, about the exploits of Fin the son of Comhal, or, as they call him, Fin M'Coul. He was quite beside himself, and would chafe and leave us when Maurice pretended to be jealous, and sometimes raised a blush on Berrett's cheek.

'Oh happy days! how shortly did you abide!' pp. 166, 167.

The tale of happiness is soon told, while, as the Priest of Rahery remarks, 'misery is full of circumstance.' Five years passed away, in the course of which, Berrett, or Berghetta, became the mother of two boys and a girl. The widow Tual seemed to have recovered her youth and strength in her daughter's happiness. But while sitting in her chair by the fire-side, she dies suddenly. Faintings and a temporary loss of reason, succeeded on Berghetta's part, and with a view to rouse her from the state of melancholy into which she declined, father O'Brien proposes that they should all journey together, to bury her mother with her husband at the Re Feast, at the Seven Churches, in the county of Wicklow. What follows is written with great pathos, but we must not deprive the reader of the pleasure of meeting with it for the first time in the course of the narrative. Maurice returns a widower to his lonely home. The first effects of this unexpected calamity upon his feelings, and its permanent influence upon his character, are described with exquisite truth of feeling.

We shall very briefly indicate the outline of the remainder of the tale. Some years after, Maurice receives a visit from James Hi Sullivan, Una, and Rory. He is distressed to discover on what secret enterprise Hi Sullivan has revisited Ireland, which is no other than to excite a rising among the lower people for the purpose of recovering, by their means, his ancient possessions. Maurice in vain attempts to dissuade him from prosecuting his wild design, pointing out to him the danger he is exposed to from Merritt McCormick, who turns out a spy and informer; but at last, Hi Sullivan is persuaded to accept of terms which, as the result of Maurice's negotiation, the owner

of the castle offers him, as the price of relinquishing all claim to the estate. At this crisis, the castle is set on fire by Merritt McCormick, who uses the name of Hi Sullivan to excite his followers to this detestable conspiracy, and then, on being himself apprehended, accuses Hi Sullivan of being the instigator of the deed. Then follows the arrest of Hi Sullivan, his rescue by Maurice, his imprudent return to the town for the vindictive purpose of seizing the wretched informer, his recapture, and death. His clan, however, obtain forcible possession of the corpse, which is brought to the chapel in the Island of Dorsies. There, Merritt, who is with difficulty saved from the fury of the clan, is kept concealed. The men to whose custody and protection he is committed, eager to punish him in any way short of causing death, place the body in the little cell in which he is confined, and close the entrance. In the morning, Merritt is found a maniac, and he never regains his intellects.

Maurice slowly recovered from the wounds he received in Hi Sullivan's rescue, and his death inflicted a lasting pang on his heart.

'His attempt at suicide, his total neglect of the offices of religion, filled Maurice's mind with the dreadful idea, that he might have passed into perdition, and they might be separated for ever. He raved of this when he was ill, and when he was able to converse, he opened all his apprehension to me. What comfort I dared give, I gave, and in some degree succeeded in soothing Maurice; but to his question, whether the prayers and penance of a poor sinner like himself could now have any influence on the salvation of his beloved friend, I could only answer "the prayer of the righteous man availeth much."—This was sufficient for Maurice; and as the most painful act to himself that might be agreeable to God, he resolved to take Merritt to his house, and to provide for him in his present helpless state. This he continued to do till his death, though to the last he always shuddered when he first entered his room in the morning. Maurice too practised the most rigid abstinence and severe penances, not for the value of the observances themselves, but that, he said, he felt most happy when he had mastered every consideration of himself, and could offer a pure prayer to God for his friend.

'Yet it was a long time before he recovered apparent tranquillity, and when his rustic friends would wonder, that he sunk more now, than when Berghetta died, he said, "Heaven and hope were with me, even the day that Berrett died; but here are Hell and fear, and I cannot shake them from off my soul."

'Still he had two sureties of comfort—his children who warmed his heart—and his labour that deadened thought.' pp. 262—264.

The interests of the young boy, son of the proprietor of the castle, the only inhabitant who had been saved in the conflagration, call Maurice to England. He revisits Headcroft, and Mapleton. Some years after, the former dies, leaving Maurice

all his large fortune, on the ground of his being 'the only per-  
'son who had cared a rush for him in reality.' Maurice has the  
satisfaction of seeing his children placed in affluence, and dies of  
a decline brought on by an infectious fever.

The remainder of the narrative is occupied with the fortunes  
of Una and Maurice's children, who settle in Spain, and are  
admitted to a station becoming the family of *Hi Nial*. To those  
whose interest in a tale depends upon incidents of a romantic  
cast, the latter portion of the volume will comprise the most  
amusing part of the history. The simply domestic and natural  
character of the earlier parts, however, engaged our feelings the  
most powerfully, and we sympathized with the Priest of Rahery  
when he says, in closing the Tale, 'I forced my thoughts to  
'pass from the living to the dead—to my loved Maurice and  
'Berghetta, to the ever honoured *Hi Sullivans*, father and son;  
'with whom I felt that I had a nearer interest than with the  
'young beginners in a life that was closing fast upon me.'  
Una endeavours to persuade the old priest to take up his abode  
in Spain:

'But I could not part from Ireland. Like the doating love of a  
parent for a sickly child, the more this hapless country grieved my heart,  
the more I was attached to it, and besides it would have ill become  
me to abandon the duties of my poor parish, now that life was grown  
too short with me to enable me to begin the care of a new set of  
souls with any chance of success.'

We give one more extract. The Priest of Rahery is speak-  
ing to the Duke, who has married Geraldine *Hi Nial*, Mau-  
rice's daughter.

"You have been early taught, my son," I began, "to regard  
what is called the Reformation as Satan's work; to look upon our  
separated brethren as wilful and unpardonable heretics. But our  
ecclesiastics state too absolutely, that the Reformation was purely  
evil. It was God's work. It was a separation to be deplored, as  
it affected our Protestant brethren; but it was a reformation to be  
hailed with joy, as it affected our own Church. It was the refor-  
mation of Catholics, as well as of Protestants. Was not reformation  
wanting when political pride and aggrandizement infected the bosoms  
of our pontiffs and cardinals? When the most holy privileges of  
religion were set up for sale, to supply means to their depravity,  
when a Pope (Leo X.) was heard to say, '*quantas divitias nobis at-  
tulit vetus ista fabula Christi!*' was there not need for a reformation?  
Did not God in his mercy divide us among ourselves, and place in  
Protestants watchful and clear-sighted censors upon our Church?  
Consider the characters of our pontiffs, cardinals, and ecclesiastics,  
before and since the Reformation, and acknowledge the wisdom of  
God in dividing to save.

"And after all, is not this value which we set upon unity and  
conformity exaggerated? Does it not spring rather from an attach-

ment to our Church than for our religion? What is the natural effect of passive assent and uniformity? what but indifference? It looks well, it has a fine appearance, and does to boast of; but it is spiritless, heartless, lifeless. Look at Spain and Italy, where you have most of it, and see infamy of crime top orthodoxy with it's head. We reproach the Protestants with their sects though even the worst of them are faithful Christians; but we do not notice those great sects of Atheists and Deists, which preserve the name of our religion, because they care for none, and which perhaps might not have rushed into such frightful extremes, if some division of religious opinion had been allowed. No, my son, I do not call our separated brethren heretics; praise be to God I can see much good in the diversity of sects, though I cannot approve their opinions. It shows, at least, that religion is the business of such men's bosoms, and that they differ because they are in earnest.—Any thing is to be preferred to coldness and indifference. I have in England seen a little chapel raised by Socinians, and consoled myself by thinking, that a great fermentation must have taken place, before that subtle scum was thrown up. No, my son, I do not hate heretics; I consider them as instruments in the hands of Providence, to shame us when we are corrupted, and to spur us on to exertion when we become lethargic; and I humbly hope, that, if they act up to the light which God has granted them, we shall meet them in that Heaven, where doubts and disputes will be no more." pp. 347—350.

These are admirable sentiments, let them come from whose lips they may. We know not what priest there may now be in the Island of Rahery, but we have the gratification of recollecting, that as proceeding from the Author of the Tale, they belong to one individual at least who is not an ideal character.

We do not often devote so much room in our pages to a Tale, but this Tale comes with that demand upon our attention, which is made by even the lighter productions of a superior mind. If the reader adverts for a moment to the works of the two most popular contemporary writers in this department of literature, Miss Edgeworth, and the Author of *Waverley*, he can scarcely fail to perceive the striking peculiarity of character which distinguishes this little Tale from the style of either,—a prevailing tenderness and pathos of manner, perfectly masculine, perfectly Irish, which would seem to indicate in the Author all the warmth of imagination and ingenuous sensibility which are said to characterize his countrymen. If we have any fault to find with the Tale, it is only with the high fortunes that are attained by Maurice's children. An air of improbability, of romance, is thus thrown over the sequel of what is otherwise a truly natural story. And why should it be necessary to make the reward of virtue seem to consist in grandeur, even though it be virtue of the lineage of Hi Nial?

Art. VI. *Elementary Discourses*, or Sermons addressed to Children. By John Burder, M.A. 12mo. pp. 231. Price 4s. 1819.

**T**HE style and language in which some people address or write for children, suggest the idea that they imagine themselves to be dealing, not with immature men and women, but with grown up Lilliputians. They seem to presume upon inferiority in bodily force, in stature, in every thing but that practised sophistication of the understanding which, not till after sixteen or twenty years' training, enables us to follow ideas through all sorts of clumsy involutions of words. Few persons well understand that intellectual retrogression which is requisite in order to bring the Teacher within the sphere of infantile comprehension. A great part of what is said, sung, and printed, for the benefit of children, is nothing more than the crusty common-places of adult instruction, kindly crumbled down to incoherency. But no trituration can render that nutritive, which in substance is indigestible. Many of our readers may have witnessed public hortatory exercises *intended* for the edification of a youthful audience, in which an overflowing affection has fruitlessly spent itself, in such an unintelligible inappropriateness of terms, as might almost be compared to the inarticulate purrings of an animal over its young, which convey no definite idea—nothing but the vague impression of fondness.

Condescension, however, may condescend too far. There is a style of speaking to children, which is not only lowered, but degraded; not merely familiar, but imbecile. An adult, in addressing himself to infancy, must stoop, it is true; but he stoops only that he may raise nearer to his own estate those who at present are below it. The language of maturity to childhood, is, 'Son, come up hither.' It is a manly, reasonable, inspiring, stimulating voice, widely different from the drivelling prattle which, though it may be comprehensible enough, has nothing in it *emendative*. The natural inanity of the child may be injuriously prolonged by the affected inanity of the teacher. Persons conversant with education, may have observed instances in which the early efforts of incipient intelligence have been baffled by the artificial condescension of the teacher; the strengthening appetite has been scandalized by the unnecessary *milkiness* of the nutriment with which it has been supplied.

In the present day, as it respects education, the extreme towards which we are tending, seems to be that of lowering every thing too low. To speak more especially of what is termed the religious world, we must think, that the extraordinary degree of attention that is at present directed towards the business of gratuitous education, is in some measure exposing us to the insensible invasion of a spirit of childishness, or of affectionate im-

becility, and that it may operate a gradual degradation in the standard of education generally. Moreover, the abundant facilities for publishing, and the strong excitement afforded by the constant demand for educational works, have brought out into print a great company of minor authors, kind souls, in whom the wish to do good has far outshone their other qualifications; and they have been met, we must think, with much too lax an indulgence. In consequence, our own children, as well as those of our poor neighbours, for whom we laudably concern ourselves, are at present wading deep in a wide inundation of indiscriminate publication. Dreams, concerning which one has been willing to hope, for the credit of their authors, that they were literally dreamt; Allegories, in which all the Virtues have suffered the martyrdom of wretched prosopopœia; Fictions, that have burlesqued all serious realities; in a word, every kind of puerility that has seemed well meant and *evangelical*, have been admitted to supply the sudden demand for elementary reading.

We have banished the gilt paper covers of the past age, because of the absurdities, as well as the bad and heathenish principles, with which they were filled; we ought now to demand of those who supply our children with reading, not only better principles, but *more sense*. If we have driven away the Fairies and the Giants, let not the sickly conceits of rickety ingenuity be allowed to occupy the vacancy, with the caricatures of Christian realities. Children do not need a silliness level with their own, even for their entertainment; much less for their instruction. That which is in itself *puerile*, of how much piety or affection soever it may be made the medium, can never tend to mature the infant mind; nor will it even serve the purposes of relaxation. Children, those, at least, who are accustomed to be treated as reasonable beings, will not long be amused or interested with mere *nonsense*. In many cases, the intention seems to have been that of cheating children into Religion by means of pious nonsense: we would as soon attempt to flog them into it. The teacher who, to engage the attention and affections of children towards Christianity, would, if we may so speak, attempt to smuggle it into their arms under the disguise of a toy, forgets the boundless resources of the subject, as well as the natural dignity of immortal intelligences, even in the earliest stages of their being.

We must not now pursue the subject on which we are touching. Much might be said on the means contained in the Christian system for fostering in the infant character, (of the poor, as well as of the rich,) an elevated, reasonable, strenuous, disinterested, and, we venture to add, heroic spirit, as opposed, not to humility, but to vulgarity, to sordidness, to frivolity, pusillanimity, and imbecility; as well as on the tone of religious

initiatory works, especially those of the lighter class, which are the most open to the charge of having an enfeebling and vulgarizing influence. But for the present we must advert to the excellent little volume before us, which perhaps we ought not to have introduced by the kind of remark we have here made. Mr. Burder writes well for children. We can give his *Elementary Discourses* our most hearty recommendation, and we have little doubt they will take a permanent place in the nursery library. A single quotation will sufficiently exhibit the character of the volume.

‘ This good news concerning Christ’s coming into the world to save sinners is also declared to be *worthy of all acceptance*. Acceptation signifies receiving. To accept a saying is to believe it, to receive it, and to make all the use we can of it. There are three sorts of sayings : some sayings are false ; others are true, but foolish ; and some are both true and wise and good. I hope you know to which of those three sorts the saying I have been speaking of belongs. You may easily tell. Consider. It is a saying of God, and it is concerning salvation, and therefore must be true and wise and good. For these reasons it is called “ The glorious Gospel of the blessed God.” The word Gospel signifies good news : it is a glorious Gospel, because it tells us of such glorious things, and it is God who sends the Gospel to us. Now, children, you may see why it is worthy of all acceptance, that is, why it ought to be believed and made use of by all who hear it. When you hear a piece of news which is not true, as soon as you know it to be untrue you care nothing more about it, whether it be bad news or good. Suppose a mischievous person tells you that the house is on fire ; you are frightened perhaps for a minute, but as soon as you look about you, and find that it is a false alarm, your fear is all over and you think no more of it. Suppose again, that, being at school a long way from home, a person should say that your father and mother were come to see you ; you would be glad to hear it ; but as soon as you found out that it was not true, all your joy would be at an end, and you would see that the news was not worth hearing. Whether news be good or bad, if it be not true it is of no use. But remember that whatever is said in the Bible is true. Some things in the Bible are what we are apt to think *bad news*. I mean when it tells us that we are sinners, and are in danger of being lost for ever. But the news, being true, is worth hearing, though you may not like to hear it. If the house you live in were really on fire, it would be kind for any one who knew it to tell you, that you might get safely out in time. In like manner, as it is quite true that we are wicked, and, being wicked, are in danger of endless pain ; God is very kind to tell us of our danger beforehand, that we may escape from it.

‘ But even of things which are true, some are better worth knowing than others. That is the best news which will do you the most good. If any one were to tell you how you might spend one day in a happy manner, you would think it worth while to listen to him. If another should show you how you might be happy for a whole year, you would

reckon that better news still. But if a third person should make known to you a plan by which you might be sure of living a hundred years, and of being happy all that time : you would consider that to be the best news of all. Do you think, children, that no one can tell you any news so good as that ? If you think so, you are mistaken. I have been telling you to-day much better news. I have been telling you that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, even the chief, and that this is a faithful saying. Is it not better to hear that, than it would be to hear how you might be happy for a hundred years ? “ I don’t know,” some child may answer. “ I don’t care,” you mean ; for if you cared about it, you might easily know. Harken. What will become of you when you die ? “ I shall go either to heaven or hell.” Shall you be happier then than you are now, or not ? “ If I go to heaven I shall be much happier, but if I go to the place of punishment I shall suffer a deal more pain than I ever suffered yet.” And how long shall you stay there ? “ Always. No one ever comes away either from heaven or from hell. When I die I shall go to that place where I shall stay for ever.” What do you mean by *for ever* ? Do you mean a hundred years, or a thousand years, or a million years, or what ? “ More than all those put together. I cannot tell how much *for ever* means ; I can only say that it signifies what will never come to an end.” Do you not see then that the best news you can possibly hear is what the apostle Paul tells us in the text concerning Jesus Christ’s coming to save sinners ? Certainly it is, since it informs us how to escape everlasting misery, and how to obtain everlasting happiness. pp. 196—199.

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Art. VII. *Memoirs of the Last Months of the Life of Mr. Thomas Vaughan*, late of Pentonville, and a short Time Deputy Purveyor to His Majesty’s Forces under Lord Wellington. 12mo. pp. 140. Price 3s. 6d. 1817.

WE are unwilling that this judicious narration of a satisfactory instance of religious conversion, should utterly escape our notice. It is distinguished from most obituaries of the kind, by the cautious good sense with which it is drawn up. The Author, indeed, who was not introduced to Mr. Vaughan till some time after a considerable change had taken place in his views and feelings on the subject of religion, appears to have been extremely slow to admit the conviction that the object of his Christian solicitude was really a convert. Towards the close of his illness, however, all doubts on this point ceased to exist ; and the Writer states that he found it no act of self denial, to visit every evening his sick chamber. When, at length, Mr. V.’s decease put a period to these interviews, he ‘ felt their cessation a disappointment rather than a release.’

The language which we find an individual, to whom religion is a thing entirely new, using to express the feelings of self-abasement and penitence, is the more satisfactory, when, as in the present instance, ‘ no time has been allowed for him to acquire

‘ the customary language of the Christian world ;’ ‘ much less,’ adds the Writer, ‘ had his intercourse led him to adopt any portion of that familiar and disgusting phraseology by which the dignity of Christianity is degraded, and its lustre not unfrequently obscured. The language of Mr. Vaughan was peculiarly his own language.’ We do not indeed find any very striking or original remarks proceeding from him ; but the exercise of his mind in the prospect of dissolution, was not the less exemplary on that account, as being unequivocally expressive of what the Writer aptly terms ‘ a holy revolution of character.’ The reflections which are subjoined to the brief Memoir, are of a very useful tendency. The Author is evidently a man whose visits of counsel and sympathy to the sick, the suffering, or those who stand in need of religious advice, must be highly valuable. The daily visit to a dying chamber, is one of those unostentatious services of benevolence, which too few are found ready to discharge, who are prominently active in other religious or charitable engagements. But what is pure and undefiled religion, considered as a practical reality, but a life of separation from the world, devoted to the relief of the widow and the fatherless, the instruction of the ignorant, and the consolation of the unhappy ?

A series of notes is appended to the Memoir, in which the Writer briefly touches upon some subjects referred to in his conversations with Mr. Vaughan. We think that they would have been more likely to obtain the attention they merit, had they been interwoven with the Narrative. The Writer’s chief object appears to be, to obviate the objections, or at least to soften the prejudices, of uninformed but well-disposed persons into whose hands the volume may fall, against those parts of the Christian doctrine to which there frequently exists the strongest repugnance. We subjoin, as a specimen, the conclusion of the Note on Election, without meaning to commit ourselves as perfectly co-inciding with the Author’s views on every point. In referring, however, to Mr. Robert Hall’s “ *Help to Zion’s Traveller*,” he has, in our opinion, directed his readers to one of the most judicious and unexceptionable expositions of the Scriptural doctrine of Salvation, that could be put into the hands of an ingenuous inquirer.

‘ Still we mean not to deny that there are difficulties connected with this mysterious subject—difficulties of which, perhaps, it is in vain to expect the solution on this side the grave. But we contend that difficulties ought not to weigh as a feather on the infallible testimony of the Holy Spirit. To reject the doctrine of personal election, or any other doctrine of Revelation, because of the objections to which it may be exposed in such a world as this, is to adopt precisely the course of the Deist and Socinian. It should ever be remembered, that, of

the doctrines proposed for the reception of faith, many are of such a nature, or are so revealed, as to make its exercise an act of simple and direct homage to the Divine authority; which could not be the case were those doctrines, with all their relations and results, perfectly cognizable by the human understanding. An entire subjection of the mind to the authority of the Scriptures is a main branch of the obedience which they require; and, yet, what is this but a practical and habitual acknowledgement that God is wiser than we? Still, the pride of human reason made it necessary that one great evidence of human allegiance to Divine authority should consist in a concession of that which it is the highest presumption to withhold, viz. *faith in the testimony of Infinite Truth*; authenticated by such credentials as Infinite Wisdom thought good to prescribe on a perfect view of the nature of the human mind, and all the Divine and moral purposes of the Revelation itself. The Christian should enter fully into this simple and rational principle of belief. When he is satisfied with the credentials, he should credit the testimony, the whole testimony, and, on matters of pure revelation, nothing but the testimony. For as to *Reason*, what shall we say, but that its dictates are as various, and as variable, as the passions, prejudices, and habits of mankind? To speak of it as a moral standard, is to trifle. This is the office of the Bible only, which bears, as every moral standard should bear, the characters of permanence and immutability. But it is the office of the Bible not only to try, but to reveal—to disclose what eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor heart conceived—what never could have come under the notice of Reason, or entered into the range of her discoveries. Shall, then, the whole system of Redemption, together with its moral sanctions and principles and obligations, or even a *single article* of that system, be tried at her bar? Rather let Reason obediently submit to the jurisdiction which Revelation has imposed upon her for the express purpose of bringing down every lofty imagination, and binding every thought in captivity to the obedience of Christ. Happy are they who have learnt with humility and faith to bow to *his* authority, and to enter with cordiality into the spirit of his prayer—"I thank thee, Heavenly Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto *babes*!"—i. e. to young children, who neither *object*, nor *cavil*, nor *dispute*, but in simplicity receive the lessons which are given to them." pp. 108—110.

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Art. VIII. *The Speech of Charles C. Western, Esq. M. P.* Upon his Motion for a more frequent Delivery of the Gaols. 8vo. pp. 16. London. 1819.

**T**HE motion of the Honourable Member for the county of Essex, which this Speech introduced, relates to a most important branch of that reform which is so loudly called for in the administration of our Criminal Jurisprudence. The great obstacle which continually presents itself to any attempts to introduce classification and a better discipline within our jails, is,

the crowded state of the prisons. From the return made by order of the House of Commons, it appears that eighty five jails, which are stated as capable of containing only 7263 prisoners, had in them *at one time*, 10,628.

‘ By the 24th, of the King, the number of classes or departments pointed out to be essentially necessary, amount to eleven in number; and even these are not sufficient to keep offenders of different descriptions properly separated from each other, and to prevent the fatal mischief of associating the young offender with the hardy and inveterate practitioner. Now, out of three hundred and thirty eight prisons of all descriptions it appeared that seventeen only were classed or divided according to law; ninety had only two divisions, merely to separate males from females; fifty eight had only three, fifty-one, four; nineteen, five, and so on — The same statute gives directions for materials to be found and prisoners set to work; but, in two hundred and seventy four of the prisons no work at all was done; in sixty-four some work was done, and in some few of these sixty-four a considerable deal had been accomplished.’

Now, Mr. Western shewed that if there was but another jail delivery some time in January, it would diminish to very nearly *one half*, the total number of untried prisoners for whom it is now necessary to provide room in the jails, and to maintain so many months longer. The following facts appeared from the papers laid before the House of Commons. At the last Maidstone assizes, out of 177 prisoners for trial, 29 were in prison before the 1st of October last, and 83 before the 1st of January. A jail delivery in January therefore, would have reduced the number for trial, from 177 to 94. At the last Lent Assizes at Chelmsford, the total number tried was 166, 25 of whom were in prison before the 1st of October. Of these 25, *eleven were acquitted*, six of them being discharged by proclamation.

‘ Two were in prison eight months; three, seven months and eight days; three, six months and eighteen days; whilst, on the other hand, sixteen convicted of felony, were considered to be sufficiently punished by imprisonment *under six months*.’

Mr. Western dilates upon the unquestionable injustice of this long detention before trial, so contrary to the spirit and even the letter of our Statute law. More than one third of the prisoners tried are in general acquitted. Of the twenty-nine tried at Maidstone, who had lain in prison since the first of October, *seventeen* were acquitted, nine of them by proclamation, having no bill found against them, or not prosecuted. At the same time, *twenty-five* convicted felons were sentenced to imprisonment, the longest period of confinement being six months. Nothing is more common than for the Court to address the prisoner, and

tell him, that in consideration of the time he had lain in prison, his sentence was, a further imprisonment for one month only.

Two men thus brought to the bar, who had each been in prison five months,—the one convicted, is told that his sentence is one month imprisonment only, in consequence of five already suffered; the other is put up afterwards, and a jury of his country return a verdict of *not guilty*, yet has he endured *five sixths* of the punishment of the one who was convicted. There were three at Maidstone, who, after being above seven months in prison, were discharged by proclamation.

Upon the whole, it appears that 405 of those persons who were tried at the last assizes, had been in gaol before the first of October, whilst 800 persons, convicted of felony, suffered under their sentence a *lighter* punishment than the 405 had experienced before trial.

It is impossible for eloquence to add to the force of these facts, and, indeed, nothing can be more dispassionate than the tone in which Mr. Western argued in support of the motion he brought forward. It must, we think, be adapted to impress a foreigner with a high idea of the British House of Commons, to notice the calm business-like way in which the most important legislative measures are transacted, and to contrast with the frigid declamation and set speeches of certain foreign assemblies, such sober unaffected argumentation as this Speech of Mr. Western.

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Art. IX. *The Poetical Remains of the late Dr. John Leyden*, with Memoirs of his Life. By the Rev. James Morton. 8vo. pp. 415. London, 1819.

IT has been said, that men are judged of, during their lives, by their worst performances, and after their deaths, by their best; but certainly, Dr. Leyden would be an example of the very reverse of this assertion, if, passing over his extraordinary talents as a linguist, and the variety of his literary attainments, we were to form our opinion of his merits, and measure out the portion of fame due to him, as a poet only. Yet it was in that capacity that he first interested the public, and it is as a poet that the major part are still, from the force of early impressions, inclined to consider him. The biographical sketch, however, prefixed to this volume, will, short as it is, serve to place both his character and his pursuits in a more important light, and we shall therefore proceed to lay such parts of it before our readers, as may enable them to form a more correct estimate of his uncommon powers, and of his praiseworthy application of them.

It is to the honour of Scotland, that her domestic annals so greatly abound with instances of genius, surmounting every disadvantage of the poverty which one of her most favoured bards has termed the 'unconquerable bar,' and making its way through clouds of obscurity, apparently impenetrable, to scatter its reful-

gence over the most distant lands. To the number already recorded, she may proudly add the name of Leyden, whose character comprised all the moral excellences which make intellectual attainments a source of happiness to their possessor, and of advantage to those who contemplate them. He was the eldest son of his parents, who resided during his infancy and youth in a lonely cottage, about three miles from Denholm, a village on the banks of the Teviot, in the county of Roxburgh. In this secluded spot, at the foot of Rubenslaw, on the verge of the heath which stretches down from the sides of that majestic hill, his father lived sixteen years, as shepherd and superintendant, with a relation, preferring the humble situation of a servant, from a conviction of the cares and anxieties which are almost inevitably entailed upon those who take the risk of property on themselves.

‘Leyden was taught to read by his grandmother, who, after her husband’s death, resided in the family of her son. Under the care of this venerable and affectionate instructress his progress was rapid. That insatiable desire of knowledge which afterwards formed so remarkable a feature in his character, soon began to shew itself. The historical passages of the Bible first caught his attention; and it was not long before he made himself familiarly acquainted with every event recorded in the Old and New Testaments. One or two popular works on Scottish history, next fell into his hands, and he read with enthusiasm the history of the heroic deeds of Wallace and Bruce, and of the brave resistance of his countrymen to the ecclesiastical tyranny of the last kings of the house of Stuart. After he had read all the books in his father’s possession, the shelves of the neighbouring peasants were laid under contribution; and amongst other works which they furnished him with, he was greatly delighted to find the *Arabian Nights’ Entertainments*, Sir David Lindsay’s *Poetical Works*, Milton’s *Poetical Works*, and Chapman’s *Translation of Homer*.’ p. 3.

At nine years of age he was sent to the parish-school of Kirk-town, where he remained nearly three years, and learned writing, arithmetic, and the rudiments of Latin, varying his pursuits occasionally, during two long accidental vacations, by tending his father’s flock. His parents were themselves sufficiently gifted by nature, to be sensible of the extraordinary endowments with which their son was favoured; and in order to give him every advantage in their power, they placed him at Denholm, under the tuition of the Reverend James Duncan, pastor of a congregation of Cameronians, a religious sect professing the faith of the Church of Scotland, but refusing to acknowledge the authority of a sovereign who had not subscribed the solemn League and Covenant. After enjoying the benefit of this worthy minister’s instructions about two years, he was sent to Edinburgh to study for the clerical profession, and gained great

applause from Professor Dalzel, the very first time that he stood up to be examined in the Greek class, for the skill which he displayed in that language, and which speedily checked the ridicule which his rustic appearance and Teviot-dale accent had excited against him among some of the students. He now began to cultivate the Hebrew and Arabic languages, and to shew that fondness for Eastern learning, which afterwards became his distinguishing characteristic. He ventured also to appear before the public as a poet, and gave it his first printed effusions, in the form of an "Elegy on the Death of a Sister." This appeared in the *Edinburgh Literary Magazine* for April, 1795. In the course of the same summer, he described, in his picturesque verses, entitled "*Ruberslaw*," the wild and romantic scenery which had surrounded his earliest days, and which, with all the traditions and border legends connected with it, he afterwards delineated more fully in his "*Scenes of Infancy*." He had by this time formed an intimacy with many literary persons, and through the kindness of some of them he was enabled to take pupils, by which means he materially augmented the means of his own improvement. In 1798, he entered upon his office as a preacher, but he does not appear to have displayed any remarkable talents, nor indeed to have felt any very decided call to his vocation. Under such circumstances, it is no great wonder, that being disappointed in his hopes of some moderate preferment, he was tempted to change the object of his pursuit altogether, and to listen to the dictates of an eager desire after knowledge, which prompted him to seek for it in any region, however remote, where it might be found. The celebrity of Mungo Park's *Travels in Africa*, which were published about this time, induced Leyden to turn his thoughts towards that quarter of the globe, and he soon afterwards published a very interesting volume, entitled, "*A Historical and Philosophical Sketch of the Discoveries and Settlements in Northern and Western Africa at the Close of the eighteenth Century*."

His extraordinary talents and acquirements began now to be very generally known, and procured him the regard of some of the most distinguished persons in the Scottish metropolis, and an introduction into the first circles of society in a city in which, perhaps more than in any other, literary merit is the highest claim to distinction. He was honoured, in particular, with the friendship of the Duchess of Gordon, Lady Charlotte Campbell, and Miss Graham of Gartmore, not more distinguished for rank and fashion, than for taste and understanding. He delighted in their society and conversation, and notwithstanding the repulsive sharpness of his native accent, and upon most occasions, his almost studied neglect of fashionable manners, made himself highly agreeable to them. p. 23.

The border-history and popular superstitions with which

Leyden's mind had been stored by his maternal relative, for whom his father acted as shepherd, and who delighted in repeating to his nephew the same stories which had amused his own youth, now became a source both of fame and of emolument to him. He assisted Mr. Heber, well known as a scholar and an antiquary, in his *Investigation of the History of Ancient Scottish Literature*, edited a reprint of the "Complaynt of Scotland," which was originally published in the year 1548, and which he enriched with a valuable glossary and preliminary dissertation, and compiled a large part of the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," for Walter Scott, who was then only beginning the foundation of that fame which he has now established on so firm a basis, and who was indebted to his friend, for the *Dissertation on Fairy Superstition*, in the second volume; and also for two odes and three legendary poems, which may be ranked among the most interesting articles in the collection. That entitled *The Mermaid*, is, in particular, highly poetical. These, however, and other literary undertakings, from all of which he obtained consideration and renown, were not sufficient to occupy his adventurous and inquiring spirit, and he began to turn his thoughts towards a journey of discovery into the interior of Africa, provided he could obtain the patronage of the Sierra Leone Company; but at the earnest entreaties of his friends he was persuaded to change his plan, and to make Asia the scene of his literary and philological researches, thereby affording an additional proof of the strength and versatility of his talents, which enabled him to qualify himself in a very short time for the office of assistant surgeon, which he obtained by the interest of a friend, and to which he added the nominal honour (for under its present regulations it certainly is nothing more) of a diploma from the University of St. Andrews.

Leyden's feelings, on his first landing at Madras, shall be given to our readers in his own language, as they were described by him in a letter to a friend, which sets forth in a striking point of view the simplicity, energy, and vivacity of his character.

'We landed after passing through a very rough and dangerous surf, and being completely wetted by the spray, and were received on the beach by a number of the natives, who wanted to carry us from the boat, on their naked, greasy shoulders, shining with coconut oil. I leapt on shore, with a loud huzza, tumbling half a dozen of them on the sand; but the sun was so excruciatingly hot, that my brains seemed to be boiling, for which reason I got into a palankeen, and proceeded to the principal inn. On my way thither, wishing to speak to one of my messmates, I overset the palankeen, by leaning incautiously to one side, and nearly tumbled head foremost into the street. At the inn I was tormented to death by the impertinent per-

severing of the black people; for every one is a beggar, as long as you are reckoned a griffin, or new comer. I then saw a number of jugglers and fellows that play with the hooded snake a thousand tricks, though its bite is mortal; and among the rest, I saw a fellow swallow a sword. You are not to suppose, however, that this was a Highland broad-sword, or even a horseman's sabre; it was only a broad piece of iron, perfectly blunt at the edges. I then set out to survey the town, in the self same palankeen. The houses had all of them an unearthly appearance, by no means consonant to our ideas of Oriental splendour. The animals differed a good deal from ours, the dogs looked wild and mangy, their hair stood on end, and they had all the appearance of being mad. The cows and bullocks had all bunches on their shoulders, and their necks low, and apparently bowed beneath the burden. The trees were totally different from any that I had seen; and the long hedges of prickly aloes, like large house-leeks in their leaves, and spurge, whose knotted and angular branches seemed more like a collection of tape worms than any thing else. The dress of the natives was so various and fantastic as quite to confuse you; and their complexions of all kinds of moiley hues, except the healthy European red and white. Can you be surprised that my curiosity was so thoroughly satisfied, that I even experienced a considerable degree of sickness, and felt all my senses so dazzled and tormented, that my head ached, and my ears tingled, and I was so completely fatigued by the multitude of new sensations which crowded on me, on every side, that to free myself from the torment, like an ox tormented with gad flies, I took to the water, and got again on ship board, with more satisfaction than I had descried land after a five months' voyage. The first night I slept ashore, I was waked by my side smarting very severely, and rolling myself on my side, discovered, with very little satisfaction, that the smart was occasioned by a large animal, which I imagined to be a snake. As the chamber was dark, I disengaged myself from it with as little bustle and violence as possible, not wishing to irritate such an antagonist. With great pleasure I heard it make its way from the couch to the floor, and with great *sang-froid* lay down to sleep again as quietly as my blistered side would permit. On the morn, however, I discovered it to be a large lizard, termed a blood sucker here, which nods with its head when you look at it, and it saluted me with a nod from the window, like Xailoun's cousin, the Karduwán, in the Arabian Tales, which saluted him so kindly, though it would not condescend to enter into conversation.'

It was in India particularly that Leyden displayed that wonderful facility in acquiring languages, which made Lord Minto say, with great force, that it was more like the 'gift of tongues,' than any art of human attainment. Wherever he went, he visited the temples and remarkable buildings, copied and translated the ancient inscriptions, and in every place sought after materials to illustrate the history, the customs, and the religion of the natives. He particularly distinguished himself by translating some inscriptions in an obsolete dialect of the

Tamul language, and in an ancient character called the Lada Lippee, or Verraggia, which no European had ever been able to decipher, and which was scarcely known even to the most learned Indians, but which he found out by comparing together several different alphabets. He also succeeded in interpreting the Tambuca Shashanas, or brazen inscriptions, belonging to the Jews of Cochin, the meaning of which seemed lost in remote antiquity. A dissertation of his, on the 'Languages and Literature of the Indo-Chinese nation,' may be found in the tenth volume of the Asiatic Researches, which is a wonderful monument of his genius and industry, more especially when the short time which he had been in India, when he wrote it, is taken into consideration. In 1807, he was admitted into the Asiatic Society, and made Professor of the Hindostanee language. Shortly afterwards he was induced to give up the Professorship, for the office of judge of the twenty-four Pargannahs of Calcutta, which arduous and fatiguing situation, uniting the functions of a soldier and a magistrate, obliged him to head the troops employed to rid Bengal of the numerous bands of freebooters with which it was then infested. In this capacity his courage and personal activity enabled him to acquit himself with as much credit, as some of his favourite border heroes; and upon one occasion, when he returned from a successful expedition into one of the provinces, he publicly received the thanks of Lord Minto and the Government. When he had held this situation two years, he relinquished it, and was appointed one of the commissioners of the Court of Requests in the city of Calcutta, in which capacity a great deal of laborious duty devolved upon him, though probably the opportunity it afforded him of constantly practising the different languages of the East, would render it much less irksome to him, than to any other person. About two years afterwards, however, this appointment also was laid aside, for that of Assay Master at the Calcutta mint, a situation which afforded a very considerable salary, and very easy duties. 'I have laid aside,' says he, in a letter to his father, on this occasion, 'the scales of justice for those of mammon, and instead of trying men and their causes, I have only to try the baser, but much less refractory metals of gold and silver.' To comfort his parents, who were ever anxious for his safety, and to whom he was a most dutiful and affectionate son, he spoke in this letter of his anticipated return to Britain, and told them that he expected to have no more changes during his stay in India. But at the very moment when his hopes were brightest, and his fortune seemed most auspicious, when he was advancing rapidly to that fame and distinction of which he had been, from his infancy, ambitious, and when his merits had become sufficiently known to cause

him to be deeply and universally regretted, he was removed from this transitory scene, in the 36th year of his age, after an illness of only three days, contracted by imprudently entering a room at Batavia that had been shut up for some time, in his search after some oriental manuscripts and Javanese curiosities.

His sorrowing friends, Lord Minto and Mr. Raffles, saw the last sad offices done to Leyden's mortal remains. His character is summed up in an affectionate and yet impartial manner by his Biographer, who brings in addition to his own personal knowledge of him, the most honourable testimonies of his worth, from those who were well and long acquainted with him, foremost among whom stand his kind and uniform patron, Lord Minto, his accomplished countryman, Sir John Malcolm, and the late governor of Java, Sir Stamford Raffles.

'In his stature, Leyden was of the middle size, well proportioned, and of a slender, rather than robust form. He had a clear complexion, brown hair, and dark eyes, full of animation and intelligence. His looks and gestures were quick, and expressive of habitual cheerfulness and activity. He possessed considerable muscular power, and athletic skill, and was fond of displaying his prowess in feats of strength and agility, for which he had been famous in his early years, among the rustic youth of the vicinity.'

He was distinguished for the manly simplicity and independence of his character. Moral and intellectual worth was the standard by which he judged of men, without any regard to the adventitious circumstances of rank and fortune. With that ignorance of the world which often accompanies a man of studious habits, he retailed his literary acquirements to all alike, never waiting to know whether they were likely to be acceptable or not; and as his communications were often on abstruse subjects, and always in a loud voice, and a strongly provincial dialect, it is no wonder that they were occasionally listened to with impatience, or that joined to the stubbornness with which he contested all points wherein the question of right or wrong appeared to him concerned, they should subject him at times to the censure of being vain, presumptuous, and even superficial. But the very reverse of this was his character: his friends have borne testimony to his worth, and the world is enriched by his labours. His early education was founded upon the pure principles of religion and morality, and the fruits of it were evident in his conduct. He was moral on the best principle, because he was religious. He loved the religion which he had been early taught to reverence, and the principles and evidences of which, had been for so long a period his chief objects of study, and his conduct testified the sincerity of his belief, for he uniformly abstained from every kind of vicious indulgence. He abhorred every

species of gambling so much, that he did not conceive even a wager won, to be money honourably or innocently gained.

' But in no point of view was he more estimable, than in his deep-felt gratitude to his parents, in the constant reverence and affection with which he treated them and in the care he took to increase their comforts, as soon as fortune had put it in his power. They have survived the overwhelming affliction of his death and still live to cherish, with pious sorrow, the recollection of his endearing virtues.' p. 75.

Of his father the following anecdote will not we trust be unacceptable.

' Two years ago, when Sir John Malcolm visited the seat of Lord Minto, in Roxburghshire, he requested that John Leyden, who was employed in the vicinity, might be sent for, as he wished to speak with him. He came after the labour of the day was finished, and though his feelings were much agitated, he appeared rejoiced to see one who he knew had cherished so sincere a regard for his son. In the course of the conversation which took place on this occasion, Sir J. Malcolm, after mentioning his regret at the unavoidable delays which had occurred in realizing the little property that had been left, said he was authorized by Mr. Heber, (to whom all Leyden's English manuscripts had been bequeathed,) to say that such as were likely to produce a profit, should be published as soon as possible, for the benefit of the family. "Sir," said the old man, with animation, and with tears in his eyes, "God blessed me with a son, who, had he been spared, would have been an honour to his country!—as it is, I beg of Mr. Heber, in any publication he may intend, to think more of his memory than my wants. The money you speak of would be a great comfort to me in my old age, but thanks to the Almighty, I have good health, and can still earn my livelihood, and I pray, therefore, of you, and Mr. Heber, to publish nothing that is not for my son's good fame." p. 83.

The rapacity and avarice of some compilers and publishers of the present day, might take a salutary lesson from this high minded Scottish peasant, of whom the Editor of this volume justly remarks, that his natural and elevated sentiments speak volumes on the benefits which have resulted, and must continue to result, from the general diffusion of education.

' Had the father of Leyden,' he says, ' been uninstructed, it is impossible, in the different spheres into which fortune cast them, that the ties of mutual regard, of parental pride, and of filial love, could have been so supported. Ignorance might have admired and wondered, but it could neither have appreciated nor delighted in those talents which were every moment carrying the object of its regard to a greater distance and knowledge could hardly have been restrained by the impulses of natural affection, or the consciousness of duty, from an occasional feeling of shame, at a low and vulgar connection. But it is not only the ties of kindred that are fostered and preserved

by this approximation to equality of mind, in those who are placed in the most opposite conditions of life. The history of every nation proves that those societies which are most ignorant, are most pregnant with the elements of dissention and mischief. This fact, is, indeed, at length, universally admitted, and in our own happy country knowledge is now boldly imparted to all ranks; for it has been discovered that though it may cause the lowest to aspire, it moderates his ambition to proper objects, and prevents his being made the dupe of the designing. Thus, its general effect is to render him whom it reaches, the friend of order, and to soften, if it cannot disarm, those angry passions that are kindled by the inequalities of human life. The reason is plain—the distance between man and man is lessened: the lowest see that superior knowledge, a quality of which they have sufficient to appreciate its value, is the usual concomitant of superior station, and are therefore content in their sphere. The highest feel compelled to grant to the intelligence of their inferiors, that respect which they might feel disposed to refuse to their condition; and these reciprocal sentiments, by establishing mutual regard, strengthen all those ties by which rational beings are best united under a rational government.' p. 85.

Of Dr. Leyden's poetry we prefer those pieces which are most immediately connected with the scenery and legends of his native country. It is with these, however, that the public is most acquainted, yet we cannot resist the temptation of laying before our readers a few lines from the *Scenes of Infancy*, wherein he alludes to the tradition which assigns many of the most popular border songs to a nameless minstrel, who was in his infancy unknowingly carried off by the Scotts of Satchell, in one of their predatory excursions, amid a heap of household furniture, and was fostered in the clan by Mary Scott, commonly known by the epithet of the Flower of Yarrow, and who was married to the celebrated Watt, or Walter, of Harden, about the latter part of the sixteenth century.

'The waning harvest moon shone cold and bright;  
The warder's horn was heard at dead of night;  
And as the massy portals wide were flung,  
With stamping hoofs the rocky pavement rung.  
What fair, half-veil'd, leans from her latticed hall,  
Where red the wavering gleams of torch-light fall?  
'Tis Yarrow's fairest flower, who through the gloom  
Looks wistful for her lover's dancing plume.  
Amid the piles of spoil that strew'd the ground,  
Her ear, all anxious, caught a wailing sound;  
With trembling haste the youthful matron flew,  
And from the hurried heaps an infant drew:  
Scared at the light, his little hands he flung  
Around her neck, and to her bosom clung;  
While beauteous Mary sooth'd in accents mild  
His fluttering soul, and clasp'd her foster-child.

Of milder mood the gentle captive grew,  
 Nor lov'd the scenes that scared his infant view.  
 In vales remote, from camps and castles far,  
 He shunn'd the fearful, shuddering joy of war;  
 Content the loves of simple swains to sing,  
 Or wake to fame the harp's heroic string.

' His are the strains whose wandering echoes thrill  
 The shepherd lingering on the twilight hill,  
 When evening brings the merry folding-hours,  
 And sun-eyed daisies close their winking flowers.  
 He lived o'er Yarrow's Flower to shed the tear,  
 To strew the holly's leaves o'er Harden's bier;  
 But none was found above the minstrel's tomb,  
 Emblem of peace, to bid the daisy bloom:  
 He, nameless as the race from which he sprung,  
 Saved other names, and left his own unsung.

' Nursed in these wilds, a lover of the plains,  
 I sing, like him, the joys of inland swains,  
 Who climb their loftiest mountain-peaks, to view  
 From far the cloud-like waste of ocean blue.  
 But not, like his, with unperceived decay,  
 My days in fancy's dreams shall melt away;  
 For soon yon sun, that here so softly gleams,  
 Shall see me tossing on the ocean-streams.  
 Yet still 'tis sweet to trace each youthful scene,  
 And conjure up the days which might have been,  
 Lie o'er the fancied suns which ne'er shall roll,  
 And woo the charm of song to soothe my soul,  
 Paint the fair scenes which charm'd when life began,  
 And in the infant stamp'd the future man.'

p. 315.

Good sense, rather than elegance of sentiment, distinguishes Leyden's poetry; and good sense, though a very desirable quality in both authors and their works, is not the most fascinating characteristic of poetical composition. Mr. Hogg's prose is nearly as poetical as Dr. Leyden's verse; he only wants the rhyme, and it would become more so, in its situations and imagery. When Leyden leaves the banks of the Teviot, he seems to leave the only source of his inspiration, and though the translations in verse in this volume from the Persian, Arabic, Bengalee, Hindoostanee, and Malay, as well as from the Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Italian, and Portuguese, are so many additional proofs of his industry and research, they are no evidence in favour of his natural taste in poetry, which, after all, does not appear to have exceeded that of the generality of persons who lead a studious and solitary life; almost all of whom, at times, seek for a relief from excessive thinking, in the amusement of putting their thoughts on lighter subjects, into measured numbers. We must repeat, therefore, that it is not as a

poet that Leyden is to be measured, but as a man of extraordinary attainments in every branch of human science, and of wonderful aptitude in turning his knowledge of them to practical advantage. During his residence in the East, in particular, the vigour of his mind was apparent in enabling him to make the acquisitions that he did to his former stock of knowledge under such difficulties, arising from the deplorable state of his health, and the insufficiency of his teachers, as would have exhausted alike the patience and the resolution of almost any other man. His account of the obstacles that were thrown in the way of his learning the Eastern languages, may be useful in putting those on their guard, whose calling or inclination may lead them to the same pursuits.

'We are here,' says he, in a letter to one of his friends, 'in the peninsula, exactly in the situation of the revivers of literature in Europe; and likewise exposed to the same difficulties in respect of the incorrectness of MSS. the inaccuracy of teachers, and the obstacles that must be encountered in procuring either. It would be amusing to recount the tricks and unfair practices that have been attempted to be played off on me. I have had a Bramin engage to teach me Sanscrit, who scarcely knew a syllable of the language. I have had another attempt to palm Hindustani on me for Mahratta. I have had a Bramin likewise attempt to impose a few Slogas, which are in the mouths of every one, on me, for the translation of an ancient inscription in the ancient Canara character. Indeed, the moral character of the Hindus -- 'the blameless, mild, patient, innocent children of nature,' as they are ridiculously termed by gossiping ignoramuses, who never set eyes on them -- is as utterly worthless and devoid of probity, as their religion is wicked, shameless, impudent, and obscene. Do you recollect the savage picture of Leontius Pilatus, Boccacio's preceptor in Greek? It corresponds wonderfully with that of my first Sanscrit teacher, whose conduct to me was so execrable, that I was obliged to dismiss him with disgrace. I shall most probably never be able to attain either the harmony of Petrarch's numbers, or the suavity and grace of Boccacio's prose; but I shall certainly conquer Sanscrit, though they failed in attaining the Grecian language. The prejudices of the Bramins have, however, relaxed very little in our Presidency, and, excepting Mr. Ellis, there is scarce a person that has been able to break ground in this field of literature. Major Wilks, acting resident at Mysore, informed me that some years ago, incited by the examples of Wilkins and Sir William Jones, he attempted to study Sanscrit, at Madras, and exerted a great deal of influence very unsuccessfully. The Dubashes, then all-powerful at Madras, threatened loss of cast and absolute destruction to any Bramin who should dare to unveil the mysteries of their sacred language to a *Paria* *Frengi*.' p. 66.

The ardour with which Leyden exerted himself to conquer whatever obstacles were thrown in the way of his attainments,

and the progress that he made, in spite of all disadvantages, in every thing that he undertook, are most encouraging proofs to the industrious and the enterprising, of what may be done: but it must be done by a mind like his, which could not be idle. This was forcibly expressed in his answer to his attendants, during a dangerous illness, when he was told by them that if he did not suspend his studies, the most fatal consequences must ensue: 'Whether I live or die,' said he, 'the wheel must go round to the last.'

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Art. X. *Daily Bread*: being a Series of Considerations useful to the Support of the Christian Character. fcap 8vo. Price 5s. 1819.

THESE pages, we are informed by the Advertisement prefixed to them, 'were penned by their recluse Author, as a pocket companion for the use of a young friend going abroad, and were printed in the year 1810 for such purpose, and for private distribution into amicable hands.' They are now reprinted at the desire of a friend. The Author's intention was, to supply his friend with a work which

'by its brevity and gravity might be a faithful remembrancer, without much application; something that might support, like *Daily Bread*—a short meal, but sweet of digestion; where plain truth, good counsel, and solid comfort, should be found in short sentences.'

Compositions and Collections of this description, aphorisms, *Aureæ Sententiæ*, and Golden Sayings, used to be much more popular fifty years ago, than they are now. The bustling, gregarious, enterprising spirit of 'the religious world' in the present day, ill comports with those retired, meditative habits, and the taste for axiomatic wisdom, which characterised the sober but too inactive piety of a former period. It has now become the practice to seek to make the imagination, more than the memory, the medium of conveying religious truth to the mind; and instead of Considerations and Maxims, we are now presented with the attenuated morality of a Tale. We must be excused, however, for indulging some degree of predilection for our early habits. Without adopting the common error of the aged, that "the former days were better than these," it will be allowed to us to maintain, that some things pertaining to old times have been ill exchanged for the modern habits and practices by which they have been insensibly superseded. And among those obsolete things, we are disposed to reckon, not so much the works themselves to which we allude, as the qualities of mind which they served to nourish as well as to indicate in the reader.

The present volume comprises more than a thousand distinct remarks or Considerations, arranged under sixty distinct topics. They are, of course, of unequal weight and value. It may often

occur that a sentence which to the Writer forms an expressive memorandum of feeling, or which, as by an arbitrary sign, stands to him for the condensed result of serious thought, fails of conveying its imaginary import to the reader. At other times, what may by the potency of simple truth have appeared very striking, when the mind was all alive to its moral and eternal interests, and when the most trite considerations were the most welcome and the most impressive, may seem, as casually presented, the mere common places of piety. Considerations of this nature must be dwelt upon as texts for voluntary thought, in order to answer their purpose; and if but one in ten strikes upon the reader's conscience or feelings, so as to awaken a train of reflections, the design of such a volume is sufficiently answered.

Of the execution of this little work, our readers can be enabled to form a fair judgment by no other means than by an extract.

‘ 54. Reliance on God in Christ our only support.’

‘ It is impossible for a thoughtful person not to feel concern for the errors of former life: this should occasion watchfulness, but never produce a sensation of despair.

‘ To keep strait forward, to strive to recover our losses, is necessary; to stop and lament, is an aggravation of the case.

‘ Despair has no trust in God,—which the Christian religion commands.

‘ Christ, in all his offices of divinity and humanity, gave himself, to prevent his lost creatures from despairing.

‘ Though sin incurred the wrath of God, his mercy has so prevailed, that our fears ought to be hushed.

‘ Dreadful is the nature of sin;—nothing less than the death of every man, and the death of Jesus, the Son of God (equal with the Father), in the nature of man, could abate its baneful consequence.

‘ “ Save us, O holy Jesus, from our sins, past, present, and to come!” might be continually on our lips, when we feel the danger we are in of offending the purity of God.

‘ We cannot contemplate ourselves, without being sensible of great defects: but when we contemplate the immaculate Jesus,—it brings tears of joy for so great a deliverance, with tears of sorrow for our transgressions.

‘ To behold in love Christ's holiness, and to raise our hopes to Him, is more productive of a good life, than to weep over our infirmities.

‘ The evils of life may be dismissed, or moderated, by a sense of God's goodness, and a desire of conformity to His Will.

‘ No good end can be obtained without the effectual means; Christ recommends importunity, to obtain his heavenly grace,—the gift of his Holy Spirit.

‘ What great skill is acquired, by persisting in the study of science! How great then may be our improvement, in the walk with God!

‘ What surprising revelations were made to the prophets who devoted themselves to God:—as to Abraham, whom God spoke to, face

to face, and called his friend<sup>1</sup> to David, a man after his own heart; to Daniel, who was greatly beloved. To St. John and St. Paul, God revealed himself personally.

<sup>1</sup> Without an entire devotion to God, there is no perfect faith, no solid assurance of obtaining his love and securing his protection.

<sup>2</sup> To be devoted to self, to the world, and to a sense of religious duty, is to have three masters; in this state there can be no acceptable obedience.

<sup>3</sup> Those that sacrifice all to the world, must give up themselves and God's commands.

<sup>4</sup> Those that devote themselves to God, will receive much self-comfort, and the enjoyment of life by the blessing of Heaven.

<sup>5</sup> Every unkindness is anti Christian; so must therefore be every species of revenge, every self appropriation, every crimination of others.

<sup>6</sup> We may rely on Christ, to accomplish his great work in his good time; His universal kingdom must be established; He must put every thing under his feet; He will attract all unto Himself. His Spirit has commanded us to love our enemies; by his immeasurable mercies he will find means to fill his enemies with his love.—He hath said, "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me." Then will Christianity appear in its plentitude of glory!

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Art. XI. *Letters on the Events which have passed in France since the Restoration in 1815.* By Helen Maria Williams, 8vo. pp. 199. Price 7s. 6d. London. 1819.

WE ought not, perhaps, to surmise that this volume was intended to be subjoined as a continuation to the "*Considérations sur les Evénemens de la Revolution Française*;" and yet it is difficult to repel the suspicion of an attempted imitation. But in truth, Miss Williams will appear to more advantage any where than close on the footsteps of Mad. de Stael. We are glad to perceive the sobriety of the principles professed in these pages; but there is room to wish for less antithesis, less attempt, and more simplicity of style.

Of these sixteen Letters, eight relate to the affairs of the French Protestants. To advocate the cause, and to explain the situation of this outraged and still trembling body, seem to have been Miss Williams's prime intention on the present occasion. The political portion of the volume is feeble, meagre, and somewhat stale: we wish the space it occupies had been given to descriptions and statements relative to the present circumstances of religious opinion and profession in France, which Miss Williams must in several respects be qualified to supply, and which, she must be aware, would be perused with high interest by a large class of her countrymen. We find nothing of much importance, that is new, to add to the narrative of the Protestant sufferings, which has been already widely circulated in England. We shall

present to our readers some statements of a more general nature, on the subject of religion in France:

\* The same spirit of patriotism that has contributed to the improvement of science in this country, (France,) has also produced many new plans of general amelioration. The meaning of what we call public spirit in England, was never so well understood in France as at present: nor did the rich, at any former period, show themselves so disposed to become, what M. Le Montey calls "*Les intendans des pauvres.*" The royal family have contributed to bring charity into fashion. They are eminently beneficent. No man in Paris has more occupation than the secretary who distributes the alms of the Duchess of Angouleme.

\* A Bible society has lately been formed by the Protestants, of which M. Jaucourt, a peer of France, is the president, and which our excellent Ministers support with all their influence. We must long remain at a distance from the London Bible Society, that glorious Institution, of which the benevolent effects are diffused from where "the sun rises in the east, to where he goes down in the west;" but we bend before such divine philanthropy, and we shall learn to imitate what we admire.

\* The establishment of the Bible Society at Paris has been the object of a violent attack, in a periodical Journal by the Abbé La Menais. He asserts that the Bible Society is the last effort of an expiring sect—"que les sociétés bibliques sont des sociétés d'anarchie religieuse, qui mène à l'anarchie politique.— est-ce que nous n'avons pas assez des Jacobins," he exclaims, "nous faut il encore des puritains? Les fiers réformateurs de la religion Chrétienne ne savoient pas eux-mêmes ce qui c'est que la religion. Luther n'a fait que changer l'unité de culte en une démocratie d'opinions \*"

Such are the modest terms in which this Christian priest sends forth an act of accusation against a society which spreads abroad the Christianity of the Gospel in preference to that of the Church of Rome; but it is not by reading or by reason that such catholics qualify themselves for the interpretation of Christianity:—

"Tout Chrétien qui raisonne à le cerveau blessé,  
Benissons les mortels qui n'ont jamais pensé."

\* This attack of the Abbé La Menais on the Bible Society has been admirably repelled in a letter published in the *Moniteur*, and written by M. Stapfer, formerly minister of public instruction in Switzerland, eminently distinguished by his intellectual endowments, and rare erudition, and no less for that pure and enlarged philanthropy which comprehends so many other virtues, and which is itself the dearest of them all.

If the Bible Society should call out into print, as much animosity in France, as it has done in England, and this is not im-

\* Bible Societies are societies of religious anarchy, which lead the way to political anarchy. Have we not then Jacobins enough, must we also have Puritans? The audacious reformers of the Christian religion did not themselves know what religion is. Luther did but change the unity of worship into a democracy of opinions.

probable, we shall be presented, under some small varieties of phrase and allusion, with a sort of *second edition* in French, of that vituperative outcry and alarm which we have already read in English. The abbés and the curés will need only to translate what has been invented, digested, and prepared by our archdeacons, rectors, and curates. And we think some effort of ingenuity will then be called for on the part of these latter gentlemen, to make it apparent, that the very same arguments, the same prognostications, the same criminations, and comminations, taken up and repeated on the very same occasion by the professed defenders of the Romish faith, have not, in their own case, been dictated by like feelings, and employed to subserve the same cause, namely, the old cause of Spiritual Usurpation. This plain fact, at least, will be manifest,—indeed it is already manifest, that the means and the style of attack which have served Protestant priests in their opposition to this Institution in England, are found to suit both the occasions and the tempers of Romish priests, for the same purpose, in France. We see that the Bible Society is bringing into union and co-operation men of different external professions, not only among its friends, but among its enemies. It is fast dividing the world, not according to names, but according to tempers.

We hope it is true, that

‘ although enlightened persons in France give no quarter to superstition, a general respect for Religion now prevails in this country. No glory can any longer be acquired by the miserable boast of infidelity. In the first years of the revolution, those deplorable doctrines were so prevalent, that they had descended even to the vulgar. “Il faut une religion pour le peuple,” said a cobbler to his friend. At present the sneer of irreligion is as distant from the tone of good company, as it is from the principles of right reason. The infidel now bears his gloomy system as well as he can in silence, and no longer obtrudes his incredulity on others; on those who, perhaps, in the bitterness of adversity, lean for their sole support on a creed that tells them of pity that partakes—of mercy that consoles misfortune; and of goodness that will remember virtue. The French, become wiser and better from adversity, cherish a respect for religion; but so far separated from bigotry, that some attempts which have been made to revive that spirit among the people have excited general indignation. Catholic missionaries are sent by nobody knows whom, to wander, nobody knows why, over France with pilgrim-feet, and preach the dogmata of the Catholic faith, as if they were as little known on the banks of the Garonne, as of the Mississippi. They plant great iron crosses in the principal squares or streets of the towns or villages where they pass, and on which they engrave figures of hearts, inscribing on each heart the name of one of the faithful. These crosses become objects of idolatry to weak heads, who often form the majority; and were Flechier now living, he might be

tempted to exclaim, as he did in the time of Louis XIV—"Si Israel devient idolatre, je briserai le serpent d'arrain."

In a supplementary letter, Miss Williams alludes to some reports highly injurious to the French Protestants, which have been circulated, and even published, by some English travellers, on their return home. We shall quote some paragraphs from this letter; and subjoin one or two remarks.

The strange blunders, and fantastic fictions, which some travellers have put into print concerning France, only excite a smile. Their reveries of French society and manners, and their exaggerated narratives of places and persons, have a whimsical air of romance, in which truth is set boldly at defiance, but where deception leads to no serious consequences. Far different is the feeling awakened in the mind by erroneous accounts of the state of Protestantism in France. On a subject so sacred to every sympathy of the heart, error assumes the character of calumny, and of calumny so much the more odious, as it comes in aid of oppression, and seems as if it would bruise those who are already broken.

Unfortunate and devoted Protestants of France! why did not these scrutinizing travellers turn their chariot-wheels more towards the south? They might then have seen the traces of your blood along their path; and as they passed by your desolate dwellings, have heard the wail of your widows, and of your fatherless children. Till now your calamities were softened by the persuasion of the sympathy of the English nation. You refused, as Frenchmen, her intervention, but you exulted in her applause:—and it is she who sends forth accusers against you—even while the palm of the martyr encircles your brows! For one word, one sign of renunciation of your faith, would have sheathed the daggers of your assassins; but no apostate was found in your ranks:—you shrunk not from death in testimony of the truth. Oh, if those who thank Heaven that "they are not as other men are," were called upon to bear such trials as the Protestants of France have borne, who among them shall dare to assert, that he would have fortitude to imitate the example they have left?

While the passing stranger discerns nothing in the conduct of the Protestants but indifference to sacred things, how many proofs may be brought forward of the increasing fervour of their piety! Never since the Protestant churches were opened, was public worship so regularly attended at Paris, as it is at this period; and it is remarkable that, amidst the public burdens that have so heavily oppressed this country, the donations for the poor have augmented. If we turn our eyes towards the provinces, we see, in all the great towns of France, the Protestant churches liberally supported; and in small towns, and villages hitherto without places of public worship, churches are building by private subscription.

Some details then follow, in confirmation of this statement.

The facts I have related are, I trust, calculated to appease the wrath and indignation of those travellers who have come to spy the nakedness of the land, but who will surely, in a true Christian spirit,

rejoice to find that there is less sin than they imagined. But a further vindication must be attempted: the French Protestants are arraigned for the crime of profanation of the Sabbath day. It is perhaps little philosophical not to mark the distinction between voluntary deviations from duty, and practices which seem to be connected, as it were, with the geography of a country, and to depend in some sort, on the natural temper and disposition of its inhabitants; practices by which, if offence is given, none at least is intended. The general custom throughout France is to celebrate Sunday not as a day of rigid seclusion, but of liberty and gladness, and the Protestants are French; the same usages therefore prevail amongst them as among the Catholics. The religious duties of the morning performed, the evening is given to amusements. For myself, brought up in all the severity of dissenting principles, every impression of childhood, every remembered habit of early life, impel me to reverence the strict observance of the Sabbath. To me the calm stillness of that day of repose in England would be delight. But how many Protestants do I know, who shrink not on that day from the sound of "the viol and the harp," who even contend that the dance upon the green is more harmless than that listless inaction, which is proverbially said to be the parent of vice; and who at the same time never omitted an important duty. Ah! in that balance of moral good and evil, in which human actions will one day be weighed, may not the French Protestants, if the sacrilege of the dance should sink one scale, place their sufferings; their resignation, and their devotedness in the other? Who can tell if "the Recording Angel" when he inscribes the levity of Sunday, may not "drop a tear upon the word."

'Let me conclude, by repeating that no doubt can justly be entertained of the devotedness of the Protestants of France to their religious duties, and their steadfast attachment to that faith which persecution has served to endear. I may add that, whatever opinions may have gone forth against the French Protestants in England, they are the objects of general respect in France. Independently of that philosophical respect which mankind grant to a belief founded on examination, other powerful sentiments concur to give the Protestants favour in public opinion in this country. While the Protestants were persecuted, the French were enslaved; and despotism and intolerance are always found in the same page of French history. When the nation accomplished that modern political reformation called the Revolution; in the code of public liberty, that of the Protestants found its place. Every liberal Catholic feels that the liberty of worship is a part of French liberty that belongs to all; and that whenever the rights of the Protestants are disowned, every other right is shaken to its foundation. France has received that unfortunate portion of her children to her bosom; she feels a warm solicitude for those new-comers, to whom she has given welcome, and desires to wipe away the stain of their long persecution. She knows that national and Protestant liberty, which have one common origin, are the natural guardians of each other, and are destined to perish or live together.'

Miss Williams professes not to have herself seen the volume\* to which she refers, as having called forth this somewhat rhapsodical apology for the Protestants of France. She would have done much better, had she read the supposed accusations, before she attempted to reply to them. If Mrs. Williams has since done this justice to herself, she will have regretted to find that the style of her defence is so little suited to the occasion. She will have perceived that there is nothing of bitterness in the spirit, or of calumny in the substance, of the brief report which Mr. Raffles has made of the state of religion among the French Protestants. He adduces the exterior facts only, which presented themselves to his observation; and he grieves to infer from these facts, that the Protestants are but too little distinguished, in their religious habits and temper, from the thoughtless mass of their countrymen.

We might be allowed to appeal to something more solid than warm professions, when we say, that the sufferings of the French Protestants have excited the most lively sympathy in those very classes of the English nation, the severity (if we must use the word) of whose religious principles, would lead them the most deeply to lament, and the most decidedly to condemn, the alleged laxity of manners among those whom they are fain still to call their brethren. We must repeat it, that it is the Puritanical; the 'Pharisaical,' the 'little philosophical' religionists of England, who, without waiting a moment to make the restrictive inquiries which bigotry might suggest, have visited with substantial succours, the widows and orphans of persecuted Frenchmen.

The tried constancy of the Protestants of the South of France, is worthy of respect, and it has received a large concession of praise and congratulation. But it must be remembered, that the simple circumstance of constancy in attachment to principles, when under persecution, proves little, or nothing, as to the properly religious character of the sufferers. Not only men of all principles, but men of debauched morality, the sordid and the intemperate, have been seen to adhere to the profession of principle, under the extremity of trial. A good man—one who has previously earned the title of a 'servant of God,' suffering shame, or loss, or death, for conscience' sake, commands the very utmost sentiment of reverent esteem of which a fellow creature can be the object. But a man, either of questionable virtue, or one not distinguished from the mass of mankind by his habitual regards to the Supreme Being, if seen to suffer on account of his courageous adherence to an external profession

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\* Mr. Raffles's "Letters from France."

of Religion, calls forth, in thoughtful minds, a deep and complicated pity of the most painful kind. Nothing therefore can be more ill-judged, than for an apologist to adduce the constancy in suffering displayed by persecuted bodies of men, as a counterpoise—a palliative for the too obvious symptoms of the low state of religious feeling among them. The attempt to extenuate or recommend a frivolous or secular spirit, by alleging that it has passed the proof of martyrdom, confounds and distracts all elevated and genuine sympathy. There is no doubt, that among those abject wanderers who find in every land the sorrows of exile, but in none the comforts of home, multitudes might still, as in past ages, be found, even of the most degraded class, who would support the last trial of constancy, rather than renounce their false persuasion. But what apologist, endeavouring to enhance our sympathy, would bring into formal apposition the sordid sentiments and the voluntary pains of such victims, or would seek to cover the one with the imagined merit of the other?

The case at present before us, is at least so far a parallel one, as to make it appear that the strain of the apology we have quoted above, was not well considered. As often as the Protestants of France shall be suffering for the profession of their principles, every unperverted English heart, whatever opinion may be entertained of the specific *religious* value of those sufferings, will bleed in sympathy. But Englishmen who feel and think as *Christians*, will be far from resting content with being assured of the mere fact of constancy in trial: they will be waiting with anxiety, till they can believe that the objects of their fraternal solicitude are unquestionably distinguished amid their unthinking and irreligious countrymen, not merely by a reformed belief, nor merely by their courage in affliction, but rather by a distinct avowal of the offensive peculiarities of the Christian system—those doctrines which the infidel will spurn—and by a specifically religious spirit, and eminently religious habits; in a word, by a character and conversation which, in such a country as France, even under the most entire civil protection, must draw upon them from all sides the boundless persecution of the tongue.

It is, we grant, 'little philosophical,' and we might add, as little Christian-like, in the religionist who, passing among the strangeness of foreign manners, goes so buttoned-up and muffled in his own precise form of Christianity, that he cannot recognise the disciples of the same Lord under the smallest diversity of exterior appearance. This sort of narrowness, however, is very little the character of our times. But with the largest allowances made on the score of 'geography,' there is something fixed, characteristic, and essential, which the Christian

traveller looks for, and which he must lament if he does not find, in a nominally evangelized country. He goes abroad, not with the canons of a particular church, but with a universal standard in his hand; and beside this, in the particular case of each country that he visits, he is furnished with the recollection of what *has been* in that very country, in times past. He needs not, therefore, contractedly to compare foreigners with himself and his own party at home. He cannot, however, fail to compare them with the supreme rule of faith and manners—made for all latitudes; and especially with those memorials which history gives us, for the very intent that we may measure the sons by the fathers.

The Christian traveller, in visiting a country professedly Christian, is not surprised to find, that, as it regards the great mass of the people, this profession is but a name, or that the presence of Christianity can be recognised, only in the lowest and most distant order of its ever beneficent influences; he is not surprised to meet, on every hand, with crosses and churches, with priests and processions, giving tacit sanction to all the vices; he is not surprised to find, that abroad as well as at home, the many are living in pleasure, according to the course of this present evil age, fulfilling the desires of the flesh and of the mind, without God in the world. All this is lamentable, but it is not extraordinary. But if he hears that there exists in this country, a scattered minority of men, professing a purgated creed; and if he hears that these men are the sons of martyrs, and that themselves have endured long oppressions and even “resisted unto blood;” how then does he glow with the hope, that those who thus bear the external stigma of the faithful, shall be found worthy of their eminent vocation; that they are men, impressed with the dignity of immortal expectations; men, living like those to whom belong the primitive and especial honour and advantage of being called to lose this present world, in the faith of Him who has promised to them a world to come! But is it then the fact, that these men, though artificially divided from their neighbours by a briefer creed and by civil inferiorities, are found altogether like unto others in the course and colour of their lives? Is it the fact, that the apologists of these men exculpate this conformity by the plea, that they do only ‘as others do?’ Does it appear that they find no resources in their faith and hope, which may avail to free them from the slavery of giddy pleasure? Are the faithful, even at *Corinth*, not to be known or discerned by any reserve, or restriction, or elevation of manners? On that happy day in which the expectants of an endless sabbath have, in all ages, exulted to feel themselves free from the importunities of earthly joy and care, are these men found pressing with the crowd up

to the high places of dissipation? Do they find no works of charity and labours of love, or delightful exercises of a free spirit of devotion, with which to fill up all the moments of the hallowed hours? Does it rather seem, that the hasty rites of religion are felt to be a needful tax, paid down to the Exactor of duties, in barter for a large indulgence to the desires of a vain and worldly spirit? And what if such a state of things must be brought into comparison with times that are past, when, under these same bright and pleasure-giving skies, in this same laughing clime, amid this same joyousness and frivolity, there was seen a goodly company of men doing honour to the high standard of Christian excellence; men, worthy of the world's hootings and hatred—strenuous in mind—serious in spirit—pure in conversation—pure in belief; and even less distinguished from the men of the age in which they lived, by the extremity of their sufferings, than by the moral greatness of their minds!

We are forward to refer to the fact, of many individuals among the Protestants of France, who seem to have awaked to a consciousness of the lethargy and error that have so long rested upon their churches. We will hope these individuals are destined to lead the return of their countrymen towards pure and living Christianity. But certainly the expectation of those who are watching passing events with attention, has a different direction. It seems to be thought, that those who have betrayed Christianity into the arms of false philosophy, have thereby, as *public bodies*, become unfit instruments of a general renovation. The Church of Rome, unutterably corrupt as it is, has been over-ruled to retain in its confessions the essential aliment of spiritual life. From the bosom of that Church, perhaps, we may ere long see arise, in France, another Fenelon, another Pascal, another Jansen. They may struggle awhile in the chains of that communion, finally break forth into liberty and light, and lead after them their repentant country.

## ART. XII. SELECT LITERARY INFORMATION.

*Gentlemen and Publishers who have works in the press, will oblige the Conductors of the ECLECTIC REVIEW, by sending Information (post paid) of the subject, extent, and probable price of such works; which they may depend upon being communicated to the Public, if consistent with its Plan.*

The Rev. B. Brook, having submitted the MS. of his proposed History of Religious Liberty to the critical examination of several individuals highly respected for their talents and piety, who decidedly approve of it, considers the work as now ready for publication, and it will be put to press as soon as the number of subscribers shall be sufficient to defray the expense. The Author has no concern to promote his own secular advantage, or to gratify any particular party: his sole object is to promote the best interests of men, and the wide diffusion of undefiled Christianity. Those persons, therefore, who wish to encourage the work, are particularly requested to forward their names without delay, either to the author or to the publisher, that it may be ascertained what number of copies will be wanted.

Preparing for publication, in one large volume, 8vo. a Greek and English Lexicon. By John Jones, LL.D. Author of a Greek grammar, &c.

In the press, Travels in France in 1818. By Lieut. Francis Hall, 14th Light Dragoons, H. P. Author of Travels in North America.

Mr. A. Maxwell, the Author of "Plurality of Worlds, or Letters, Notes, and Memoranda, philosophical and critical, occasioned by a Series of Discourses on the Christian Revelation, viewed in connexion with the modern astronomy, by Dr. Chalmers"—is printing a second edition, corrected and enlarged, in the 8vo. size, to range, or bind up, with the popular discourses of Dr. C.

In the press, The Spectator in a Stage Coach.

A Seventh Volume of Beddome's Village Sermons, is nearly ready for publication, in 8vo. and 12mo.

In the press, a new edition, with additions, of Scarpa on Aneurism, with a Treatise on Ligature of Arteries, translated by J. H. Wishart, Esq.

In the press, and speedily will be published, a "Synopsis of Latin Grammar," after the plan of Ruddiman, to which is appended a new system of Prosody, compiled and printed for the use of the Grammar School, Manor House, East Barnet, Herts.

The Rev. Mr. Roby, of Manchester, has in the press, Anti-Swedenborgianism: a Letter to the Rev. John Clower, A.M. Rector of St. John's, Manchester, &c. in reply to his strictures on those passages in the Author's "Lectures" which refer to the Hon. Emanuel Swedenborg and his disciples. Also, Academical Institutions: a Sermon preached at the Anniversary of the Blackburn Independent Academy.

Homilies for the Young, and more especially for the Children of the National Schools, by the Rev. Harvey Marriott, Rector of Claverton, and Chaplain to the Rt. Hon. Lord Kenyon, are in the press.

A new and corrected edition of Mr. Cary's 'incomparable translation of Dante,' to use the words of Mr. Coleridge, is printing in three handsome vols. 8vo. and will appear very shortly.

A Volume of Poems, Songs, and Sonnets, by John Clare, a Northamptonshire peasant, will appear in a few days.

The first volume of a cabinet edition of the Poets of Scotland, containing Ramsay's Gentle Shepherd, and other Poems, will be ready for delivery early in September.

The Family Mansion, a Tale, by Mrs. Taylor, of Ongar, is in the press.

Proposals are issued for publishing by subscription, under the patronage of Earl Fitzwilliam, and the magistrates of the West Riding of the county of York, plans, elevations, sections, and description of the Pauper Lunatic Asylum lately erected at Wakefield, by Watson and Pritchett, architects. To consist of nine folio plates, engraved by Lowry

and Landseer. The description will include an enlarged edition of "Practical Hints on the construction and economy of Pauper Lunatic Asylums, by Samuel Tuke," written originally to illustrate the instructions given to the architects who prepared designs. Price to Subscribers, 2l. 12s. 6d.; proofs on royal paper, 3l. 3s. The profits to go in aid of the funds of the York county hospital.

A limited edition in 8vo. on demy and royal paper, will soon be re-published, of a rare work, the History of the county of Cambridge, by Edmund Carter.

Mr. Smart, professor of Elocution, has in the press, a work, in which he exhibits the principles of his art, in connexion with a new and philosophical account of the nature of instituted language.

In the press, and speedily will be published, a Letter to Sir James Mc Gregor, containing an account of the Varioloid Epidemic, which has lately prevailed in Edinburgh and other parts of Scotland, with observations on the identity of chicken pox and modified small pox. By John Thompson, M.D. Regius Professor of Military Surgery in the University of Edinburgh.

Mr. John Preston, comptroller of the customs at Great Yarmouth, is preparing for press, in royal 8vo. a work entitled, "A Picture of Yarmouth," with numerous engravings.

Mr. J. C. H. Allen is preparing for publication, *Isabel of the Isles*, a metrical romance of the fifteenth century, with notes.

Sir James Bland Burgess, bart. will soon publish, *Reasons in favour of a new translation of the Holy Scriptures*.

The twelfth edition of the *Ambulator*, or Tour round London, with numerous additions, corrections, and improvements to the present time, will soon appear.

A new edition of *Dix's Land Surveying*, is nearly ready, with many corrections and additions, and many of the diagrams newly engraved.

Shortly will be published, 1. *Elements of Gymnastics, or Bodily Exercises and Sports*, as adopted by Pestalozzi.—2. *The Elementary Drawing book*. By Pestalozzi.—3. *Picturesque Promenades of a young family in the Environs of Paris*, with many engravings.

The Rev. T. D. Fosbrooke, Author of *British Monachism*, proposes to publish in 4to. an *Encyclopædia of Antiquities*, being the first ever edited in England.

Mr. R. N. Hayman, common brewer,

has in the press, a *Practical Treatise on the Art of Brewing*; in which is exemplified the method of brewing the several sorts of malt liquor, and insinuating the use of the Saccharometer in their production.

M. Dexsacher, Author of the French Grammar in twelve lessons, will soon publish, *New French Scholastic Conversations, or Parson's Lessons*, in a series of questions and answers, with vocabularies and examples, in English and French.

Dr. Millingen, surgeon to his Majesty's forces, will soon publish, the *Army Medical Officer's Manual upon active service*.

An *Epistle in Verse*, written from America in the year 1810, by Charles Lettrey the younger, is printing under the editorship of a gentleman of Liverpool.

Mr. James Ilbery is preparing a History of Waltham Abbey, from the earliest period to the present time, with biographical notices of various eminent characters.

Robert Southey, Esq. will soon publish, in folscap 8vo. the *Fall of Paraguay*, a poem.

Mr. Wm. Amphlett, formerly of London, and now resident on the banks of the Ohio, has in the press, the *Emigrant's Directory to the Western States of North America*.

In the press, *The Wandering Jew*; or, *Hureath the Prolonged*, being an authentic account of the Manners and Customs of the most distinguished nations; interspersed with anecdotes of celebrated men of different periods, since the last destruction of the temple of Jerusalem, in a narrative supposed to have been written by that mysterious character. Illustrated by numerous engravings and maps. Collected and arranged by the Rev. T. Clark.—Also, an *Abridgement of the most popular Voyages and Travels*. Illustrated with maps and numerous engravings. In one thick volume, 12mo. By the Rev. T. Clark.

Mr. John Scott, Author of *a Visit to Paris, &c.* is just returned from the Continent, after an absence of upwards of two years, with abundant stores of information, which he is preparing for publication, under the title of "*Italy, 1818 and 1819*," comprising Remarks, critical and descriptive, on its manners, national character, political condition, literature, and prospects.

Mr. Maflock has in the press, *Strictures on Atheism*, bottomed on the pure truths of the Gospel, and suggested chiefly by the Works styled Theological of the late Thomas Paine.

The seventh number of the *Journal of New Voyages and Travels*, to be published on the 15th of September, will contain the *Count de Forbin's Travels*

in Egypt, in 1818, illustrated by many curious engravings.

In the press, *The Saviour of the World*, a Poem in irregular verse, on the Death, Resurrection, Descent into Hell, Ascension, and Second Coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. By Joseph Higgins, a Layman of the Church of England.

### Art. XIII. LIST OF WORKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

#### ARCHITECTURE.

*Designs for Churches and Chapels*, of various Dimensions and Styles; consisting of Plans, Elevations, and Sections, with Estimates; also, some Designs for Altars, Pulpits, and Steeples. By W. F. Pocock, Architect and Surveyor, Author of *Designs for Cottages, Villas, &c.* and *Modern Finishings for Rooms*. Elegantly engraved on 44 plates. 4to. 11. 11s. 6d.

#### BIBLIOGRAPHY.

A skeleton Catalogue for systematically arranging a library, in which blanks are left for titles, names of authors, editors, translators, printers, and publishers of the different works, and also for the size, number of volumes, date of publication, remarks, &c. 4to. 8s. neatly half-bound.

T. Keys's Catalogue of rare, curious, and useful books, English and Foreign, consisting of nearly 8000 volumes, in Divinity, History, Poetry, Drama, Romances, Fææria, Arts, Alchemy, Astrology, &c. 3s. Foreign part separate, 1s.

An Essay on Chemical Analysis; chiefly translated from the fourth volume of the last edition of the *Traité de Chimie Élémentaire*, par M. Thénard, with numerous additions, comprehending all the latest discoveries and improvements in this branch of the science. By John George Children, F.R.S.L. and E. F.A.S. &c. 8vo. 16s.

#### CLASSICAL LITERATURE.

A new edition of *Homer's Iliad* from the text of Heyne; with English Notes. 8vo.

*The Delphin and Variorum Classics*. Parts V. and VI.

Stephens's Greek Thesaurus, Nos. VII. and VIII., containing Part VI. of the Lexicon, and Part II. of the Glossary.

#### EDUCATION.

A Manual of Directions for forming and conducting a School, according to

the National or Madras System. By the Rev. G. I. Bevan, A. M. Vicar of Crickhowel. 12mo. 2s.

A Series of Questions adapted to Valpy's Greek Grammar. By S. R. Aldhouse. 2s. bound.

*Natural History for Children*; being a familiar account of the most remarkable quadrupeds, birds, insects, fishes, reptiles, trees, and plants. With plates. 5 vols. 18mo. 10s. 6d. half-bound, or 2s. 6d. each.

*The National Reader, or Exercises* adapted to the National Spelling. By B. Tabart. 2s. 6d.

#### MEDICINE.

*Reports on the Diseases of London*, and the state of the weather, from 1804 to 1816, including practical remarks on the causes and treatment of the former; and preceded by an historical view of the state of health and disease in the metropolis in past times, in which the progress of the extraordinary improvement in salubrity which it has undergone, the changes in the character of the seasons in this respect, and the causes of these, are traced to the present period. By Thomas Bateman, M. D. F. L. S., &c. Physician in the Public Dispensary, and consulting Physician to the Fever Institution, in London. 8vo. 9s.

#### MINERALOGY.

An Introduction to Mineralogy; comprising the Natural History and Characters of Minerals; and a description of Rocks, both simple and aggregated; with a new tabular arrangement of Earthy Minerals, on a plan designed to facilitate the knowledge of that class of substances. To which is prefixed, a series of conversations, explaining the principles of the science, and the elements of Crystallography. By Robert Bakewell, Author of an Introduction to Geology. With plates, by Lowry, exhibiting 153 Figures of Minerals. 8vo. 11. 1s.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

A sixth edition of *Essays, in a Series of Letters*. By John Foster. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

*Prolusions on the the present greatness of Britain, on Modern Poetry, and on the present Aspect of the World*. By Sharon Turner, F.S.A. 12mo. 5s. 6d.

A *General History of Music*, from the earliest times to the present; comprising the lives of Eminent Composers and Musical Writers. The whole accompanied with Notes and Observations, critical and illustrative. By Thomas Busby, M. D. Author of the *Musical Grammar*, *Musical Dictionary*, *Translation of Lucretius*, &c. &c. 2 vols. 8vo. 11. 10s.

*Physiological Fragments; or, Sketches of Various Subjects intimately connected with the Study of Physiology*. By John Bywater. 8vo. 5s. 6d.

*Hints on the Sources of Happiness. Addressed to her Children by a Mother, Author of "Always Happy," &c.* 2 vols. fcap 8vo. 12s.

*Ernestus Berchtold; or, Modern Oedipus: a Tale*. By John William Polidori, M. D. Author of "*The Vampyre*." 12mo. 6s.

*Mental Wanderings; or, Fragments on Priestcraft and Superstition*. By Phileleutherus. 12mo. 3s.

*The Family Useful Companion*, containing a variety of domestic receipts selected from various authors. By William Pybus. 12mo. 1s.

*The Trial of John Kinnear, Lewis Levy, and Mozely Woolf, indicted with John Meyer, and others, for a Conspiracy, at Guildhall, London, before Lord Chief Justice Abbott, and a Special Jury, on the 20th and 21st days of April, 1819; to which is added, the further Proceedings in the Court of King's Bench, on the Motion for a New Trial, and the Sentence, with the Proceedings on the Motion against Mr. Pearson. Taken in Shorthand by Mr. Fraser, of Thavies Inn.* 8vo. 10s. 6d.

*The Transactions of the Horticultural Society of London. Part III. of Volume III.* With six engravings, five coloured and one plain. 4to. 11. 16s.

*Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk; being a Series of familiar letters, written during a late visit to Scotland.* 3 vols. 8vo. 11. 11s. 6d. with portraits.

*Madame de Genlis' Manuel du Voyageur, in six languages, viz. English, French, Italian, German, Spanish, and Portuguese.* New Edition. 9s. 6d. hf-bd.

## POETRY.

*Poems: with Translations from the*

*German.* By John Anster. fcap 8vo. 7s. 6d.

## THEOLOGY.

A new edition of *Archbishop Leighton's Commentary on Peter and other Expository Works*, carefully corrected. With the life, by G. Jerment, D. D. 2 vols. 8vo. 18s.

\*\*\* Vol. III. and IV., completing this correct and improved edition of the Archbishop's Works, will be ready very shortly.

A second course of *Practical Sermons*, expressly adapted to be read in Families. By the Rev. Harvey Marriott, Rector of Claverton, and Chaplain to the Right Hon. Lord Kenyon. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

An attempt toward an improved translation of the *Proverbs of Solomon*, from the original Hebrew; with Notes, Critical and Explanatory, and a Preliminary Dissertation. By the Rev. George Holden, M. A. 8vo. 16s.

*Dialogues and Letters illustrative of the purity and consistency of the Doctrine of the Established Church; and proving that its interpretations of Scripture are fully adequate to produce that religious and moral conduct, necessary to form the character of a good Christian: also, Observations on some of the causes of Dissent from the Church, and on other subjects connected with its doctrine and government.* By a Layman. 8vo. 8s.

*The Christian Worship. A Sermon, preached in the Octagon Chapel, Bath, on Sunday, May 30, 1819.* By T. L. O'Beirne, D. D. Lord Bishop of Meath. 1s. 6d.

*Selections from the Old and New Versions of the Psalms of David.* By J. Sternhold, T. Hopkins, and others, and N. Brady, D. D. and N. Tate, Esq. Being a course of Singing Psalms arranged for general use in Parish Churches and Chapels, upon the plan recommended by the late Bishop Gibson. 1s. 3d. bound.

## TOPOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.

*Sketch of a Tour in the Highlands of Scotland; through Perthshire, Argyllshire, and Invernessshire, in the Autumn of 1818; with some account of the Caledonian Canal.* 8vo. 9s. 6d.

*An Account of the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope, with a view to the information of Emigrants; and an Appendix, containing the offers of Government to persons disposed to settle there.* 8vo. 6s. 6d.